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Looking Forward

MOST OF US are amused, every now and then, by the evidences given by strangers—Europeans, usually—of a general ignorance of our country; of our ideas and customs, of our point of view.

SO FAR as comparisons go, however, these things are very likely as nothing compared with the general ignorance of South America which resides in the average American breast. Practically everybody knows that Mr. Hoover has recently been in South America. But why? Again: the Monroe Doctrine, which applies to our relations with South American states, has recently been a good deal in the public eye. But, again, precisely why? Also, what are the states of South America and what do they amount to? Specifically, why should we be concerned with any grievance they may have against us?

THE ANSWER is that what the United States is today, South America will be, before the present century is out. In the Argentine alone there is rising at this moment a future great economic power, comparable only to our own in the Nineteenth Century. In Uruguay there is already a state comparable, in the social sense, to Denmark or Switzerland. And close behind these two diverse leaders are the huge countries of Brazil and Colombia, Chile and Peru, Bolivia, Venezuela and, farther north, Mexico—potential markets, potential world powers.

BECAUSE OF the Monroe Doctrine, all of these nations nowadays are practically under the tutelage of the United States. And the situation is not to their liking. Why? Because, in their view, the Monroe Doctrine was conceived in romantic republicanism, was set forth as a bulwark in defense of new-found liberty on the American continents—but now has become an instrument of imperialism, not republicanism.

WHETHER OR NOT this point of view is justified, it is only by reading articles such as **Señor Carranco writes in** this issue that we can hope to understand Latin America.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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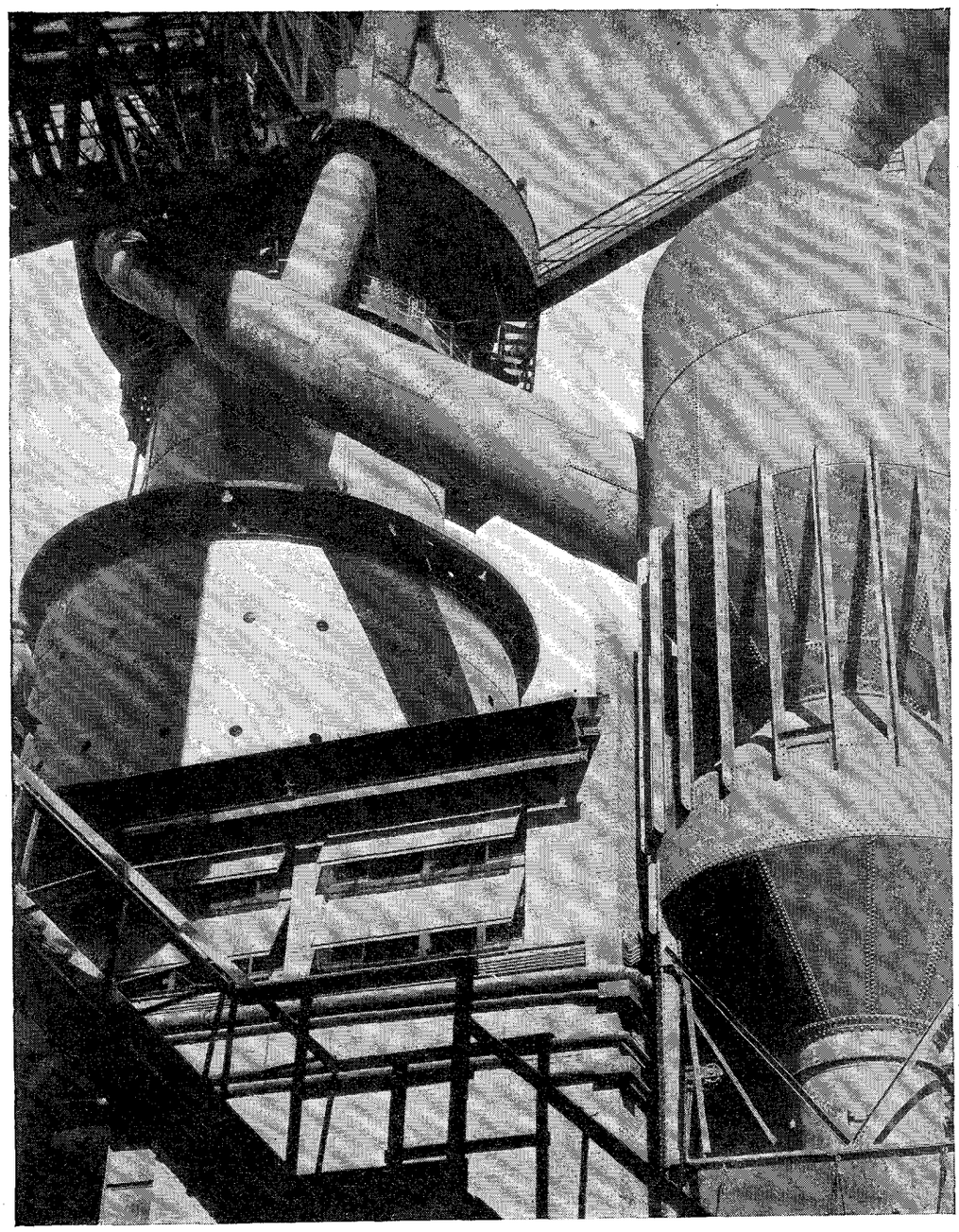

IN THE LABYRINTH OF INDUSTRY
A Photograph by Charles Sheeler

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Outlook
and Independent

March 6, 1929

Latin America's Grievance

By JOSÉ LUIS CARRANCO

The good-will cruise of President Hoover, the author reminds us, has created an opportunity for an accord that has never before existed in our relations with Latin America. Before it is consummated, however, we shall have to take account of indictments that have been accumulating over a long period of time. Senor Carranco is a well-known Latin American and has played an active part in the international affairs of both North and South America

THE first emotions aroused by President-elect Hoover's good-will tour in Latin America have subsided; and a calm estimate of its immediate effects and probable consequences may advance the purpose of this unusual enterprise which may prove to be not only the quickest way to remove distrust and antagonism but also the beginning of quite the most adroit effort ever made to reconcile the interests of the two ethnical groups living in the Western Hemisphere.

In the United States, Mr. Hoover's trip has been unreservedly acclaimed as a diplomatic triumph which will result in an era of amity and co-operation. In Latin America, although opinion is divided, an optimistic view prevails. Many who were pessimistic before Mr. Hoover's visit, and could see no way to harmony, now concede that a sincere review of causes and effects may conduce to the correction of existing evils. This fortunate disposition on both sides, which might not appear again for a long time, must be used to advantage for a frank discussion of the questions at issue. This article is written only with a hope that it may induce those who are better qualified, because of knowledge, ability or position, to take up the discussion.

Our contention is that the United States has been evolving into an absolute and irresponsible power which, due to its privileged position in the world and to its peculiar organization, has developed a foreign policy detrimental to Latin America. Since, it is claimed, the Monroe Doctrine is the basis and guide of the Latin American policy of the United States a study of it must be the starting point of our argument. Charles E. Hughes, then Secretary of State, in an address on August 30, 1923, reviewed the genesis of the Doctrine in the following words: "The Holy Alliance formed by the sovereigns of Austria, Russia and Prussia had sought to enforce the divine right of kings against the progress of liberal principles. Joined by France, they undertook to put an end to the system of representative government, and after France had proceeded accordingly to restore the rule of Ferdinand VII to Spain, it was proposed to direct their efforts to the overthrowing of the new governments erected out of the old colonies of Spain in the Western Hemisphere. This was the situation 100 years ago—in August, 1823—when George Canning, British Foreign Secretary, wrote his celebrated letter to Richard Rush, American Minister in London, suggesting a joint declaration, in substance (1) *that the recovery of the colonies by Spain was hopeless;* (2) *that neither Great Britain nor the United States was aiming at the possession of any portion of these colonies; and* (3) *that they could not see with indifference any portion of them transferred to any other power.* Great Britain, however, had not at that time recognized the new states in Spanish America, and this made a point of distinction. Correspondence followed between President Monroe and Jefferson and Madison, whose advice he sought. It was after mature deliberation by the President and his Cabinet, which contained not only John Quincy Adams, Secretary of State, but John Calhoun and William Wirt, that the American position was formally stated. It was deemed advisable to make a separate declaration of policy and this was formulated in President Monroe's message of December 2, 1823."

A little inside story will show what occurred. On October 24, 1823, Jefferson, in answering President Monroe's request for his opinion, said that the suggestion of Great Britain was the most important question after independence; that above all it was necessary to ponder whether the United States wanted to acquire some of the Spanish colonies; and that he had to confess that he always considered Cuba as the most interesting addition which could be made to the Confederation, because of the command that this island, together with Florida, would give the Nation over the Gulf of Mexico and the Isthmus region.

FROM November 7 to the end of the month the matter was discussed in the Cabinet, the President and John Calhoun being in favor of the joint declaration. John Quincy Adams, as Secretary of State and leader of the opposition, prevailed, however—among other reasons, because it was necessary to act promptly and decisively and because a separate declaration by the President would not bind the Nation and would leave Congress free to act according to circumstances.

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Underwood

A "HANDS-ACROSS-THE-ISTHMUS" DEMONSTRATION

When Rio De Janeiro welcomed the crews of United States battleships sent to the Brazilian Centennial Exposition several years ago

This shows that the separate declaration or "Monroe Doctrine," which in the opinion of Jefferson was the most important National matter after independence, was tentatively decided, in a hurry, by a small group of politicians moved by the desirability of expansion, not by the people of the United States.

Under these circumstances, Secretary Adams formulated President Monroe's message, of which the part concerning Latin America reads as follows:

"We owe it, therefore, to candor and to amicable relations existing between the United States and those (the European) powers to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not interfered and shall not interfere. But with the governments who have declared their independence and have maintained it and whose independence we have, on great consideration and on just principles, acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them or controlling in any manner their destiny by any European power, in any other light than as a manifestation of an unfriendly disposition towards the United States."

A comparative analysis of the essential points of the joint declaration, as proposed by Great Britain, and those of the separate one made by President Monroe discloses that the first would guarantee the independence and integrity of the Latin American nations against Europe and against the United States; while the Monroe Doctrine, preserving the ban against Europe, deliberately withholds any guaranty as to her own future action.

At the same session of Congress in which President Monroe pronounced his doctrine, Henry Clay vainly tried to obtain a Congressional resolution endorsing it. Never to this very day has Congress cared to bind the Nation by any resolution of the kind.

Therefore, most Latin Americans regard the Monroe Doctrine as the interposition of a group of politicians in the United States, who, in order to serve their own purposes of domination, prevented the guaranty of free development which Great Britain would have bestowed upon Latin America in exchange for its trade.

Latin Americans find that the development of the Monroe Doctrine has followed four distinct but correlated lines of procedure: (1) isolation of Latin America from Europe; (2) extension of the "American political system" to the south; (3) territorial expansion of the United States; culminating in (4) financial and political domination of these countries.

The movement to isolate the Latin American nations started with the pronouncement of the Doctrine and developed slowly, with the growth of the United States, from a timid attempt to a bold assertion. In 1827 when the Doctrine was only four years old, Argentina, at war with Brazil, had reason to believe that a European power was giving material assistance to her adversary and asked the Government of the United States whether such a case was comprehended in the scope of the Monroe Doctrine. Henry Clay, as Secretary of State, answered that the Doctrine must be considered as a declaration of the President and not as constituting any guaranty or obligation on the part of the United States.

In 1859, Senator Niles of Connecticut called the attention of the Senate to the fact that Great Britain had extended British Guiana about 20,000 square miles into Venezuelan territory, and asked for action under the terms of the Doctrine. No action was taken. Lewis Cass, as Secretary of State, explained that the point of view of Senator Niles was entirely wrong, since no Chief Executive of the United States had ever had the intention of interfering in the arrangement of the rights of other nations in the Western Hemisphere, or ever questioned the right of the European powers to improve their American colonies as they saw fit. Later on, upon further invasion, the Government of Venezuela asked the United States for advice and help. The answer was that the United States could not offer its good services because it might be considered partial by Great Britain.

Later, on account of a new advance of the British Guiana boundary into Venezuela, the United States offered its services as mediator; but Great Britain declined, stating that she preferred to deal directly with Venezuela. Again the United States offered her services in an effort for renewal of friendly relations between Great Britain and Venezuela, but made it clear that she was acting only as an impartial friend of both nations.

It was not until 1895, under President Cleveland, that the United States took energetic action and forced Great Britain into arbitration in the last Venezuelan dispute. But even this case, which seems to indicate a definite purpose to enforce the Monroe Doctrine, loses much of its value, because almost simultaneously Great Britain was forcing Mexico to "cede" the territory known as Belize or British Honduras,

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without even a protest on the part of the United States.

The French intervention in Mexico and the notification of the United States to the Government of Napoleon III regarding the return of the French troops, is a favorite argument of those who want to see the Monroe Doctrine as a safeguard to Latin American independence. But it is perhaps the only case in which no judgment can be passed. When the French intervention was in progress, the United States was engaged in the Civil War, which prevented her from taking any action. By the time the Civil War was over, the Mexican people by their own sturdy resistance had convinced Napoleon of the futility of his efforts. On the other hand, the Prussian war with Denmark in 1864 and with Austria in 1866, determined the return home of the French troops long before the notification by the United States was made.

Thus the first steps toward the isolation of Latin America and the supremacy of the United States in the Western Hemisphere were taken without costing the United States anything but patience and a few diplomatic arguments.

Even before the Monroe Doctrine came into existence, the Government of the United States and certain secret societies sought to extend the "American political system" to Latin America. Agents, books and leaflets were sent to the south to carry the good news of a form of government which would, overnight, make people happy by making them free and equal.

ETHNICAL CONDITIONS and the state of mind born of the War of Independence were a fertile field for daring innovations in the former Spanish colonies. Most of them became enthusiastic with the new ideas and put them into practice by simply imitating the organization of the United States. This was analogous to applying the rules of English grammar to Turkish or Chinese. Thus an incompatibility between the law and the character of the people was created, that forced Latin America to live under a political fiction which, all able observers admit, is the origin of all the trouble.

The "American System" having been unadvisedly adopted by all Latin American nations but one, the Monroe Doctrine tended to make impossible any modification by barring all other systems. In fact, the Doctrine was presented as a guaranty of independence in order to preserve the political institutions already established. With the growing power of the United States, this phase of the Doctrine was re-affirmed and re-interpreted in such a way that the ban on monarchies now comprehends all other kinds of governments which, in the opinion of the politicians of Washington, do not fill the requirements of the "American System." Moreover, since the foreign policy of the United States follows the hazards of internal politics, to which it is subservient, its effects on Latin America are uncertain and incongruous, and thus it becomes the worst type of political domination.

The territorial expansion of the United States at the expense of Latin America did not commence until the forties because of the great extent of the lands secured from Great Britain and additional acquisitions. But finally Texas was separated from Mexico and then incorporated into the United States. A little later war was declared on Mexico, invasion followed and the Mexican territories of California and New Mexico were incorporated into the United States. All in all Mexico lost half of its territory, about 800,000 square miles.

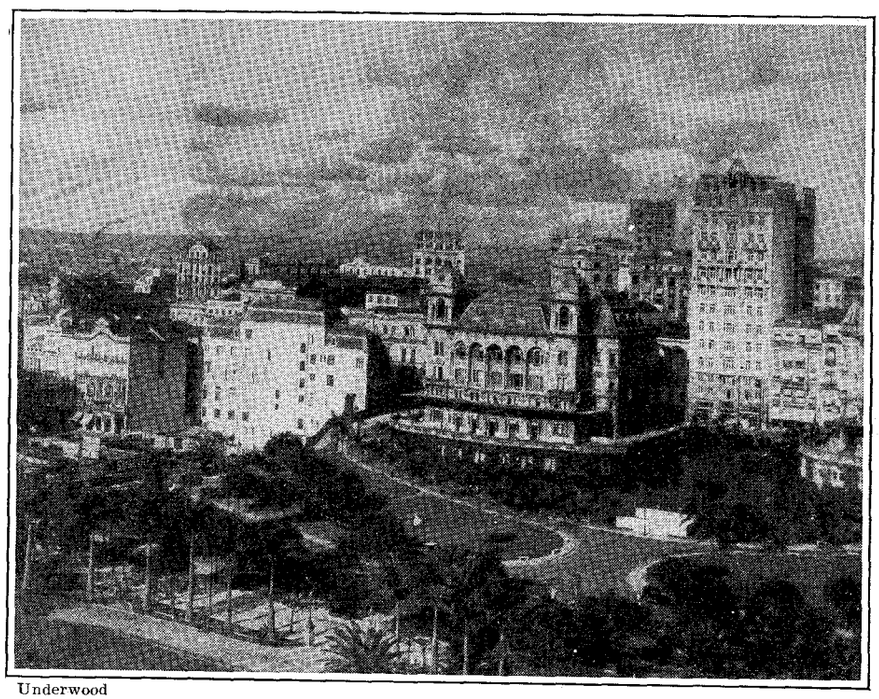
The grabbing of lands had been so disproportionate to the needs of the United States that there was a halt of half a century before the movement of expansion resumed its course. But at the end of the last century the population, riches and ambition of the United States had grown enough to continue territorial conquests. This time Cuba and Porto Rico were snatched from the hands of Spain. A few years later Colombia was despoiled of Panama in order to build the canal, which opened a waterway around the northern continent.

This last event deserves exceptional attention, because it marks the beginning of the transformation of the old methods of direct action into the more subtle and profitable financial-diplomatic procedure of our days.

Thus the isolation of Latin America from Europe placed the United States in a position to expand at will, with no more consequences than two easily won wars.

The financial domination of Latin America by the United States has a picturesque and spectacular background which, because of its magnitude and speed, is unique in the history of the world.

The Civil War created multi-millionaires; their wealth produced credit and attracted immigration; this labor power, applied to the resources of the country, increased wealth; and so on, over and over again, until the rising pool overflowed to the south. It made an irresistible stream which soon was



Underwood

SAO PAULO, BRAZIL

Thriving capital of South America's coffee district

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converted into a flood. At the end of the last century the investments of the United States in Latin America were about $200,000,000; now they amount to more than $5,000,000,000 and are increasing.

"Dollar Diplomacy," Latin Americans say, has replaced the "Big Stick." Let us see why and how.

The experiences of Washington in Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines taught politicians and financiers that plain conquest by the use of the "Big Stick" carries certain responsibilities which require the consent of the American people, who might scrutinize action too closely. So, when it was necessary to separate Panama from Colombia, instead of war on the part of the United States, there was only sympathy toward a people trying to resume their independence. It resulted in ownership of the Canal and all the advantages of a protectorate without its responsibilities. Nevertheless, it caused criticism, which was necessary to avoid in the future.

Since then, instead of dismembering countries, Washington simply changes their government by using financial pressure and taking advantage of the political conditions, unsettled in most of the Latin American countries on account of their inappropriate organization.

The procedure is simple enough. Business men from the United States tour Latin America to get first-hand information and to become acquainted with the people. They find the countries backward because of lack of communications, exploitation of natural resources and efficient methods. Development requires money, which can be obtained in the United States provided the government of the country in question is able to convince the bankers that its financial system is sound.

Experts are appointed, advice is given and eventually a loan is granted. The money thus obtained goes into improvements of which a firm of contractors in the United States takes care. At the same time citizens of the United States are acquiring lands or establishing industries which are directly benefited by the material improvements made with the loan. Another loan is arranged. One day the Latin American Administration awakes to the fact that its most vital department, that of finance, is at the mercy of the lenders, and that all other branches are going the same way. Any resistance to such domination produces a conflict and a change of government.

It would be tedious to review a small number of the cases. Two will be enough.

The Government of Haiti gave to New York bankers a concession to build a railroad, and sold to other New York bankers a certain number of shares of the National Bank. Because the railroad was a failure, the Haitian Government refused to pay the subsidy granted to the builders. Through diplomatic channels Washington suggested the appointment of an American customs collector. As the Haitian Government refused, United States Marines landed and overthrew it. Elections were called. Secretary Lansing ordered the naval commander to make perfectly clear to the candidates that the United States must control the finances of the country, which had to be accepted.

The Constitution of Haiti forbade foreigners to possess real estate in the republic. United States officials sent to the Haitian Congress a project for a law removing this prohibition. The Congress refused it, and the Marines dissolved the Assembly. A plebiscite followed in which the terrorized Haitians did not dare to oppose the will of the United States. Finally Washington authorized a loan to the Haitian Government of $40,000,000, in exchange for an authorization to control the finances for thirty years.

Senator Borah said on the floor of the Senate that the policy of the United States has two or three methods, according to the strength of the nation with whom Washington is dealing; that the policy pursued in Haiti was due to the fact that the Haitians had no means to resist the interference of the American navy. In this way the United States dominates all the region from the Rio Grande to Panama. There are ten Latin American nations where the real ruler is the representative of the United States. In fact there are ten protectorates of the United States alone. Penetration is now under way in Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru and Bolivia, and has begun in Chile. Argentina, Brazil, Uruguay and Paraguay are as yet free from domination.

These four phases of the policy of the United States have been detrimental

(*Please Turn to Page 396*)

Underwood

IN THE MARKET DISTRICT

A scene in La Paz, Bolivia, where picturesque shops call the buyer

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Mussolini as Peacemaker

By T. R. YBARRA

"THE greatest European event since the war!" So people everywhere exclaimed when they heard that the Pope and the Kingdom of Italy had buried the hatchet and resumed amicable relations for the first time since 1870.

The next thing that occurred to them was to wonder who had come out winner in the agreement between the Papacy and the Italian state whereby the burying of the hatchet was solemnly proclaimed to the universe. At first it seemed that the winner must needs be either the Italian nation or the Holy See, they being the only parties to the dispute; but gradually it was borne in on the consciousness of the world that there was another party, and that, no matter what the significance and ultimate interpretation of the terms of the agreement might be, this third party looked very much like the real winner in a great controversy.

The name of this third party is Benito Mussolini.

The days that have passed since the settlement of the great question became known have only served to strengthen this belief. It looks more and more, in fact, as if the declaration of peace between the Vatican and the Quirinal, irrespective of what it may mean in the long run to the Italian Kingdom and the Roman Catholic Church, will figure in history as the greatest achievement of Italy's dictatorial Pooh-Bah.

Italy and the Papacy may be disputing many years from now as to the exact extent of "temporal power" which the agreement of 1929 restores to the Pope; learned expounders of international law may be insisting half a century from today that it did really give back to the Holy Father the substance of temporal power; or, if they belong to the rival camp of savants, they may declare that it was only the shadow, and that the Pontiff bartered his uncomfortable but dignified status as a "prisoner" in the Vatican for a mess of empty documentary pottage. But, whatever may be the final verdict, it looks very much as if Benito Mussolini's share in getting the agreement signed cannot but redound to his credit.

Soon after the break between Victor Emmanuel and Pius IX, the Italian Government announced that the Vatican, the Lateran church and the country palace of Castel Gandolfo were to be set aside for the use of the Pope—again, however, with no acknowledgement of his sovereignty even over this restricted area. Pius and his successors refused even to take cognizance of this action; instead, they persisted in considering themselves prisoners in the Vatican.

Each year the Italian Government offered the Pope a large sum as indemnification; each year the Holy Father refused to touch a penny of it.

EVER SINCE reports of an agreement between the two rivals began to assume concrete shape, all sorts of stories began to circulate as to its nature. There was talk of the restoration of actual Papal sovereignty over several isolated strips of territory—over several buildings in and outside Rome —over a road giving access to the sea, together with its two termini—the Vatican and a Mediterranean port, variously declared to be either Palo or Fiumicino. All such reports were consistently pooh-poohed by opponents of the idea of restoring Papal temporal power.

"It is the principle of the thing that counts," they insisted, "not how much or how little actual territory is placed under the sovereignty of the Pope. Once his temporal power is admitted even over so much as an acre of land, or over a single building, the Papacy will have won the point for which it has been fighting with such stubbornness ever since 1870. As for the Italian Government, if it acknowledges Papal sway over a bit of land infinitesimal in size when compared with the rest of Italy, it will have been as signally defeated as if it had restored to the Pope his sovereignty over the entire area of the former Papal States."

For months before the settlement it was known that Premier Mussolini was trying to solve the Roman question; that he desired to make its solution the crowning glory of his career as Italy's dictator. Whereas his relations with the King of Italy have been by no means smooth—it has been an open secret, indeed, that the King is anti-Fascist and that Mussolini repays his latent hospitality with interest—the relations between Fascist Italy and the Vatican have generally worn a cordial look. There have been squalls to be sure. In the spring of 1926 there was what amounted almost to a regular quarrel between the Dictator and the Holy See; and as recently as last year the Pope took emphatic exception to Fascist endeavors to suppress the Catholic Boy Scouts of Italy. There have also been arguments about the curriculum in Italian schools, the Pope having advocated more and Mussolini less religious instruction for Italian school children. Nevertheless, despite these flurries, the Vatican and the Palazzo Chigi have managed to remain on pretty good terms.

From 1870 to 1929 Italy consistently set its face against granting the Papacy such measure of authority as would enable it to sign treaties, as a sovereign state, with other states. Italians contended throughout that period that, armed with such power, a Pope might some day form an alliance with a nation hostile to Italy and thus become a foe in the very heart of their country. As recently as the close of the World War, the Italian government wrung from the Allies the promise that the Vatican should not be represented at the Peace Conference; and the thought that the Pope might obtain membership by hook or crook in the League of Nations has been most disquieting of late years to Italy.

SO THERE ARE many observers who think that, no matter what the wording of last month's agreement may be on the subject of the measure of temporal power restored to the Pope, it will be found in the long run that the Papacy will not be able to exercise that power to the extent it is exercised by the rest of the world's sovereign nations.

"Well, what of it?" Mussolini may be in a position to ask the world. "I did my best, didn't I?"

And it may be that Italians hitherto hostile or lukewarm to Fascismo for religious reasons, and Roman Catholics of all countries who have visited upon Fascismo the same disapproval with which they have viewed the Italian State ever since its break with the Papacy in 1870, may be inclined to answer Mussolini's question in the affirmative.

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Search for a Way of Life

ANONYMOUS

Religion to some is merely the blind acceptance of an hereditary faith; to others it means tortuous striving for a way of life. From a deeply religious childhood in an orthodox Hebrew home, the author describes his attempts to select from the formalized daily ritual of his devotions those aspects which he felt might be parts of an authentic manner of living. This is the third article in a series of religious confessions

MY FATHER was a devout worshiper of God and believed sincerely in the law of Moses. My mother was less awed by God. Her home was scrupulously Kosher and she observed the Sabbath and holidays, but more out of tradition and as an expression of Jewish respectability, than as a passion. They gave their children religious training and as much schooling as they could afford; but my brothers, when halfway through their 'teens, were riding in the early part of this century through the Virginias and the Middle West canvassing photographs for enlarging. Struggling for a living and faced with the social adjustments necessary to a strange environment, it is no wonder they were unable to live up to the religious aspirations of my father. I was born in New York City in 1901, and early began to display symptoms of playing Joseph to his Jacob. Later in life, I think I disappointed him bitterly.

In my fifth year, an elderly Hebrew was called to the house. He taught me the Hebrew alphabet, consonant by consonant, vowel by vowel, until I could read, together with the principal blessings and the elementary prayers. When I was fluent in these respects, a teacher of greater learning was substituted with whom I began to read the Bible, translating it from Hebrew into German. My father put no trust in the scholarship or piety of American rabbis. This method, though valuable as language training, diminished my realization of the literary quality of the Bible. I had begun to attend public school, and on my return every afternoon the rabbi would be waiting for me. The lesson lasted an hour, my mother listening or sewing in the same room. When it was over I made for the streets.

Meanwhile I learned with great rapidity, for the Bible legends fascinated me. I swallowed its divine authority without questioning. It supplied me with a philosophy, and satisfied the questions already sprouting in my mind about the origins of life. I believed we were the chosen race, though not without feeling the favoritism somewhat unfair to the rest of the world; that God and Moses spoke together freely, and that the latter spent forty days in heaven, bringing back the ten commandments. I read and re-read the Old Testament, and continued into Joshua, Judges, Samuel and Kings; studied commentaries and the books dealing with orthodox ritual, every commandment being sacred and immediately put into practice. The invective of the prophets I could little comprehend, and the latter days of the Temple in Jerusalem were always shrouded in obscurity for me. These, better understood in the light of the social and political forces of the period, my rabbi could not make clear, because he lacked the secular education. Study of the subsequent history of the Jews in Europe and Asia would have been of far greater value to me than the annual repetitions I made of the five books of Moses. Fortunately the narrowly informed private teacher has since largely disappeared and has been supplanted by synagogue schools where Hebrew is taught as a language by methods similar to those in the secular institutions for teaching foreign languages.

DURING my boyhood I had three dominating passions—God, baseball and books. Unfortunately the first two have since cooled. I lived in an intensely devout manner. My ethics had a purity and loftiness which I think reaches its epitome in a sensitive child. The smallest infractions plunged me into such torments of conscience that I had to make confession or apology to whomsoever I felt I had injured. My honesty attained pinnacles of naïveté. I tried to be kindly and helpful. I can recollect any number of deeds of the type since made famous by the Boy Scout movement. There is seemingly a propensity in childhood for acts of altruism.

Meanwhile my observance of orthodox ritual grew infinite. As is commonly done, I blessed every scrap of food I put into my mouth, wore a covering on my head continually and daily uttered the lengthy morning, afternoon and evening prayers. As I grew in knowledge, I added fine points like the following: Before retiring to bed I would wet my hands, carefully counting each cupful of water. After my prayers I refused to utter a word until the morning, when I again washed in a basin of water I had placed under my bed the night before, because I had calculated that, according to the rabbinic authorities, our bathroom was a few feet over the distance one was permitted to walk in the morning without first having made one's ablutions.

ON THE TOP FLOOR of the house in which we lived, resided a synagogue politician. I later learned that he had been an east side coffee-house hanger-on most of his life. In his old age, supported by a son who was a successful surgeon, he loitered in the synagogue. His piety was reputed to be profound. I was in great awe of him. On his way to evening prayers he would frequently interrupt a ball game, in which I was an enthusiastic participant, and order me to the synagogue. He supplied an impetus to which I was very susceptible. I began to attend the daily service.

On Friday evenings I would leave the streets about an hour previous to sundown in order to prepare for the synagogue. Our home would be in a babel of preparation for the Sabbath. The linoleum from room to room was scrubbed like a child's face. The parlor, first to be prepared, drowsed in haughty, sombre cleanliness. Fattened with an extra board, the diningroom table would be spread with a snowy cover, while the chairs choked the adjoining bedroom so that the carpet sweeper might dart about without hindrance. On the oak sideboard were strewn the candelabra and the dining silver, still gray with polish and waiting to be rubbed. The Challa or Sabbath bread cooled on the window ledge, thick skeins twisted into a mound, lacquer crusted and sprinkled with poppy seed. On both kitchen stoves, pots and pans jostled each other, fuming and bubbling with the food that would tide us over until the following evening, there being

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no cooking done on Saturday. It being forbidden to carry on the Sabbath, we would take our prayer shawls, in order to lodge them in the synagogue overnight for use in the morning. My father's was of wool, with bold black stripes and could envelope him like a blanket. Mine was of silk and only the size of an elongated muffler. Before we departed my mother would usually kindle the Sabbath candles, and I can behold her hands cutting small circles in the air above the flames, her eyes shut, her lips moving in the blessing.

We lived close by the synagogue which all my life has been associated with my religious worship. Founded by a congregation of orthodox Germans, it operated along austere, simple lines. It never boasted a cantor of the florid, operatic school that throbs Jewish listeners into all too willing tears. I used to delight in the synagogue music which always adapted its character to the spirit of each particular day or festival. We sat halfway between the door and the center which was about the place we assigned ourselves in its social scale. Almost all of the members sat in the front half, the economic hierarchy running from front to rear. Years elapsed before I could rid myself of a feeling of inferiority to boys of my own age, because they sat beside fathers in the front sections. We were like students in the second balcony of the theatre, devoted essentially to the play but a little wistful of the furs that sweep into the orchestra. Later my father became a member, and we moved up three rows. The synagogue on Friday nights held for me an air of repose and beauty. The night entered its lofty windows, throwing shadows on its walls. The rows of bulbs on the under side of the balconies seemed to glow with added brilliance. I was a friend of the crimson carpet. The service, being brief, proceeded leisurely and softly as the prayers were tossed back and forth between our cantor and the congregation, ending finally in one of my favorite hymns.

In the evening, after dinner, my father occasionally quizzed me on the chapter of the Bible which I had been studying during the week. I would, however, usually sprawl on an old couch and read in the volumes I had brought from the library that afternoon, completing as many as two or three over a Sabbath. So the years passed and I approached my thirteenth birthday.

My Bar-Mitzvah, or confirmation, was a family event. This survival of ancient and different social conditions than our own, is symbolic of the fact that at thirteen a Jewish boy attains his majority. He may thereafter be counted in a quorum for prayer; must bind the Tephillin or phylacteries about his arm and forehead, and generally assumes the duties of an adult.

I began my preparations about three months in advance, for, as occasionally done by young scholars of our synagogue, I was to chant the weekly Bible chapter before the entire congregation at the Saturday morning services, in the place of the cantor, who usually performs this office. This is approximately an hour's reading, with these difficulties: the Scroll or Torah used in the synagogue is written without vowel signs or notes, and must be memorized. A week before the event I was turned over to the synagogue cantor for finishing touches to my training. He found me well prepared, with an important reservation. His half-uttered verdict seemed to doom my performance. I had been the victim of mis-instruction. I was placing the musical accents on my words improperly, and it was too late to correct me.

On a Saturday in May, dressed in serge, with a gold chain glittering in my lapel, I mounted the synagogue dais, where the Torah is read, in such fear as I have never since known, and of which in later life I had a recurrence in some degree on every occasion I ascended the same place. I began to sing in pale, inflexible tones. In the early sections I made a number of nervous errors. The congregation follows the reading of the Torah in its Bibles. With every mistake there would swell from below what sounded to me like a roar of accusation. Gradually, however, the parchment before me began to clarify and I was soon reading fluently and correctly. The concluding sections I handled like a virtuoso. My parents were jubilant. The following evening, at a dinner given to the elders of the synagogue and the family, I delivered a speech such as every Jewish lad utters on this occasion. My rabbi had culled it from a bound collection and it was as stilted as a letter from an old-fashioned manual. I greeted my beloved rabbi, parents and relatives, and in grave valedictorian manner vowed forever to observe the tenets of my holy religion and to repay, though I never really could, my parents for rearing me to this great day. I received as gifts a great number of fountain pens, stickpins, books and silk handkerchiefs, and was supremely happy.

No change in my religious beliefs occurred until I was in my fifteenth year. Then occurred a gradual disintegration that revolutionized my attitude. My critical faculties were sharpening. I was feeding myself liberally on contemporary English literature. Bernard Shaw was an epochal discovery and a keen stimulus. I read Galsworthy, Pinero, Bennett, Wilde and Wells. I liked particularly literature of a sophisticated turn, lines that were witty, glossy and rich in paradox. Though this type of reading had no direct effect on my religious feelings, it nevertheless directed my thinking down uncanonical lanes. The inevitable reaction against the intricate formalism that dogged my footsteps set in. I began to examine and turn over the ritual I was practicing and to ask myself on coldly logical grounds what reasons I had for conforming to it. I analyzed the scriptural volumes. The results were shattering. My conclusions, however, could not supplant hitherto unshakable convictions without doing violence to my peace of mind. I was plunged into all the doubts and torments of the perplexed zealot. In the subsequent years my religious life became a Laöcoön in which uncertainty, heresy, faith and superstition writhed against the chorus of opposition raised by my parents.

One of the earliest symptoms was the discovery that I was losing interest in prayer. On numerous mornings I found myself standing in my shawl or Thalis, my left arm laced with the Tephillin and my prayers completed without remembering turning a page or uttering a word. The recurrence of this phenomenon led me to scrutinize the context, and it seemed to me then that the entire book was overstuffed with repetitious flattery, too cringing and supplicating for any self-respecting Deity to listen to at all, no less when delivered in three large doses and in innumerable smaller quantities per day. I was probably badly fed up with routine mumbling made necessary by systematic daily prayer. I felt that the Lord never demanded these lavish praises, that genuine emotion required no verbal utterance, and I refused to tender lip service.

I grew skeptical concerning the di-

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vine origins of the Bible. Enough scientific information had drifted my way to make me raise an eyebrow over six-day creation, and the adolescent in me speedily detected that when Eve fed Adam the apple, he "learned about women from her." I could no longer give credence to miracles any more than I could believe in Santa Claus. Events like the casting forth of Fagar, the indiscriminate slaughter of the Egyptian first born, offended my sense of justice, and the conquest of Canaan could more easily be defended on economic than on moral grounds, or as the fulfillment of a contract between God and Israel. In short, I recognized in the Bible epic a remarkable document containing the philosophy and history of a race, together with much sales talk in the shape of miracles and Divine commandments to put its social and political legislation across and keep a primitive society in check. I learned to distinguish between those parts of the ritual commanded in the Bible and those laid down by the rabbinic schools of the days of the Temple. Not inclined toward metaphysics, I spent little time in atheistic or agnostic speculation. I conceded the existence of a creative and governing Force, but denied that He was one whit concerned in the elaborate system of worship my instincts so vehemently rebelled against and which I was so sternly commanded to obey.

THE RESTRICTIONS on my behavior caused by Sabbath and holiday rules irked me terribly. On its face a day of rest from labor appears to have admirable qualities. What was probably a necessary piece of social and religious legislation has, however, been so strictly construed as to be odious. A really devout Jew will neither cook, ring a bell, carry a handkerchief or answer a telephone on Saturday. These are extremities of piety, but even under more lenient standards, to engage in any form of athletics, attend a place of amusement, use money, ignite a match or ride in a vehicle is a sin. To pass twenty-four hours within the confines of blue laws as stringent as these is no inconsiderable strain. When, as frequently occurs, a holiday fell close on the Sabbath, and holidays usually occupy two successive days, the protracted inactivity would grow piercing. The services on Saturday and holidays last until past noon and one would have to return in the afternoon and evening as well. On leaving the ceremonies of the synagogue one found more awaiting at home, each tied to the others in an unending string.

In the course of time, one by one, I discarded the bulk of my orthodox practices. I ate and remained indoors without headgear. I ceased to give thanks like a charity orphan for every morsel I ate. My prayers were reduced to an important minimum. In my last term at high school I was being initiated into a fraternity. Undressing in an outer room, I came to my Zitzahs, a linen square with long fringe, the diminutive prayer shawl worn continually by the orthodox under their clothes. I seized mine and flung it under a heap of chairs. I never wore another.

CONCURRENTLY my behavior was possessed of the greatest misgivings. I was tortured by the feeling that it was the result not of enlightenment but of weakness. Some of the inconsistencies my torturing conscience drove me to during these times were ironic. During the week I would purchase tickets to a Saturday matinee and walk to and from the theatre. I played on my school tennis team, a distinction I prized at the time as much as life! A few Saturday games on the schedule presented a terrific problem. I can remember walking over three miles to one match, being defeated and walking home again. Even years later, on my way to the subway on Saturday mornings I could never shake off an acute uneasiness as I passed our synagogue on my way to work.

My parents looked aghast at my conduct. They had neither the training nor the knowledge to argue or persuade me from it rationally. Their Judaism was all instinct and tradition. Instead they tried to drive me back to the synagogue by vituperation. I was a renegade and an outcast. My father ominously warned me that if I forsook God, He would forsake me. My mother, with agonizing persistence, kept inquiring whether I had grown so rich that I didn't have to follow my religion, impiety somehow being in her mind the prerogative of the wealthy. I felt myself persecuted and grew more flaming a radical. Couldn't they understand that the very qualities that had formerly made me so devout in my observances were now making me devout in my heresies; that I was still ardently trying to carry out what I believed to be the correct manner of living? It might have spared them the pain of seeing the very intelligence and education they so strove to develop in me turned against them. As a result of our differences, my father and I became estranged.

The years immediately after the War in which I matured, were a period of iconoclasm. The War itself, as a synonym for pain, besmirched idealism, impeached government, pointed to the weakness of the Church and branded the high heavens themselves for being a witness. American letters found a voice, and when it was stilled few of our institutions appeared to survive. A succession of novels appeared to show that there was no such thing as a happy marriage, or a satisfactory substitute for it; that a business man was something that would shoot a work of art at sight, and that not even a blade of grass could breathe in the cracks of a Main Street sidewalk. Every line of prose with a suggestion of cadence made a pretense at being poetry. The classics were being re-evaluated and in many instances declared second rate. A cry went up that the concert halls were stuffy with Beethoven and Brahms and that the free though dissonant air of the Moderns be admitted. Out of the general disillusion three things emerged. Jazz became a reputable woman; the skyscraper was seen to have a lovely neck; and if before prohibition it was a man's privilege to take a drink, it was now the prerogative of every man, woman and child to get drunk.

DURING these years I attended college, and later worked with my brother who was a manufacturer of women's dresses. A product of my age, I was affected by its intellectual tendencies. In the general disillusion, skepticism and passion for freedom, my orthodoxy could not survive. Except sporadically, little outcry was raised by my parents, who had become either fatigued or convinced of the ineffectuality of urging me in directions I had no desire to travel. I had kicked over the bucket, I thought, and spilled orthodox worship out of my living. As the years showed, I could never send it very far.

I left the dress business in my twenty-second year and decided to study law. My father and I were never reconciled. In my second year at school I paused one morning before starting for class. It was the seventh day of Passover and it occurred to me to be companionable and join him at the synagogue. I

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From the Life

Until April

By IBBY HALL

EVERY autumn when he bedded the rose trees and sorted the bulbs his heart was heavy and oppressed. But this autumn his heart felt heavier than ever before. There was too much taste of winter in the air. He didn't like it, and he straightened up with a sudden suspicion that he might be growing old.

One night soon the hurrying autumn would stand still and sink slowly to the ground. The bushes would clatter in the wind like thin distracted skeletons. Trains would run more seldom into town. And he would be taking what remained of his summer pay and saying good-bye to the country-side.

It had always been like this. Winter spoiled everything. The trees could stand it, they were strong. And the perennials knew a trick of curling up and hiding their noses; with the frost never suspicioning they were there. But how was he going to get through the winter himself?

He looked up apprehensively at the sun. Further off already, and soon it would be good for no human purposes. He'd have to get in this lot of bulbs and hide them in the dark somewhere if they wanted flowers next summer. If he could hide himself in the dark—somewhere—and still be up in time to tend to the spring planting . . . That had always been his trouble. He somehow had to get through the winter on account of the spring planting. And seeing he was fifty-two, winters weren't likely to get easier.

And how would he get through? What sort of work would he be looking for? Something in the city, so long as it wasn't snow-shovelling? He shivered as he remembered it. Whatever made him think, that other winter, that he was good for a snow-shovel? A spade—and the damp exciting smell of fresh earth— that was one thing; but to stand with the cold biting you, your legs planted in ice, your face frozen and your arms with no feeling in them—just a machine—Well, they put him in a hospital and he'd like to have died. And he'd not been the same man since he'd breathed all that cold into him . . .

His mind moved disconsolately through the country-side on towards the City, down through narrow forbidding streets, clear on to the docks and the cold black waters of the harbor. No, he was no good inside a house—no better than a chestnut burr in a boy's pocket. And it was cold and was going to be winter.

With a sudden clenching of his hands he raised the barrow and pushed it slowly toward the shed.

THAT winter was no worse than other winters. By the thermometer it turned out to be an improvement, even, on by-gone years. But to the idle gardener in the bitter city this was an indifferent matter. Any temperature below fifty was winter to him. As the days went by, sharper, damper and drearier, he concluded desperately that he was growing old. Funny what just a little spell of Winter could do to a man. Fifty-two was as good as twenty-two in July—better than twenty-two come to think of it—but in December it was close to death. If there was only some dark place he could hide in till it was over . . . .

With the new year he should have been encouraged. But he was not encouraged. He had tried hard to find ways of keeping alive, and he had come almost to the end of his lodgings. There was no place now cheaper or more unpleasant than the one he was now in. If he was not to starve he must find another odd job; he must let his feet carry him along; he must go a new way and see what turned up.

With his eyes staring at the pavement, his shoulders hunched and his feet shuffling he moved slowly down the street. At an unfamiliar corner he lifted his eyes. In front of him was a large building, bearing above an arched door-way a fancy inscription. He spelled it out slowly. Home for the Aged. An Old Folks's Home.

Where he belonged, he guessed. A Old Folks's Home was as good as gettin' buried until the Spring came 'round. Trouble was they wouldn't let him out with Spring. They'd have it all fixed up by Spring. They'd have him an old man then, for good.

He moved on down the street and the thought of Spring filled him with joy and misery. He pictured it, and it was lovely. Warm weather creeping up uncertainly through the bricks, the Spring sun with a bleary sort of smile trying to be friendly, and himself on a bench in one of the City parks, running a finger down the help-wanted column. Lodging houses behind him, odd jobs behind him, hunger and cold no more.

But how was he to get through to April? Would he have the price of a paper in April? Here he was, trampin' 'round, wearin' out shoes, puttin' on his good clothes every day just to let folks look at him when they didn't want to see him; tryin' to make out he had business to attend to, when he couldn't even find odd jobs. Come Springtime, and his clothes would be gone and his money would be gone and they wouldn't give him a job—they'd put him in a Poor-house.

He stopped still for a moment and considered the Poor-house. He hadn't thought of it before. Dark and quiet. And it was probably warm. Seems though like he'd heard tell of how they owned you in a Poor-house. Like a Orphan Asylum. He was a grown man and he didn't need a Orphan Asylum. What he wanted was a place where they'd look after you for a while and let you out again—like a boarding school or a hospital. That was it, a hospital. Trouble was, he never liked the idea of being sick.

HIS FEET were carrying him through a strange neighborhood and still no lodging invited him from the sidewalk, and still no job suggested itself along the curb. But his feet stopped suddenly of their own accord and looking up he saw that he was near a door-way. This door-way too, bore an inscription and the inscription read "The City Court."

Before the Magistrate he was respectful. "I'm a gardener," he began, "and fifty-two years old . . . and if you'll do me the favor, Your Honor," he ended, "make it only until April, so I can be sending you my first batch of flowers."

Upon the bench, overlooking the snowy windows the Magistrate nodded slowly.

"Well, until April," he said. And then realizing that was no way to pronounce sentence upon a prisoner he added sternly, "Three months!"

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The Trend of Events

The War of the Underworld

GANG WARFARE, with all that it involves, has ceased to be a local issue in Chicago and other cities; it has become an "insult to American intelligence," "a tragic failure of organized society," a reproach to our politics, a challenge to our civilization. The machine guns that roused Chicago on St. Valentine's Day, when they killed seven men in a garage on North Clark Street, have been heard around the country. If editorial comment in the daily press is a measure of public opinion, the whole country has become alarmed and indignant.

Lawlessness is not a new phenomenon in America and no newspaper pretends that it is. Indeed, if there is one subject that more frequently commands editorial space in the newspapers than any other it is the violation or evasion of the law. But this particular form of lawless violence known as gang warfare has dramatized the whole subject and is now raising some very fundamental questions. It has brought to the consciousness of ordinary folk, who think of themselves as law abiding, the existence of that *imperium in imperio,* that feudal society encysted in our democratic society, known as the underworld.

What are we going to do about it?

The men who died on the floor of that Chicago garage were themselves enemies of society. They were as lawless as the men who killed them. From one point of view, the state is well rid of them. There is no expressed hope, however, that the gangsters themselves will solve the gang problem by killing off one another; for it is not the gangsters alone that constitute the gang problem.

A part of the gang problem is supplied by the police. In most of our large cities the police are bound up with politics and politicians. Chicago is in worse way than some other cities where the murder rate is higher because Chicago politics are unstable. The Thompson machine has been scrapped, but its place has been taken by another equally political. There could not be any gang warfare if it were not for negligence or collusion in the police department; and such negligence and collusion will continue as long as politics control the police. This does not mean that all police are crooked or incompetent. The same newspapers that denounce the partnership between gangsters, politicians, and police officers pay hearty tribute to the "cop on the beat" who has served his precinct well and to those police officers who risk and in some instances lose their lives in battling thugs. But the police who are in the pay of criminals are free to batten on crime because their whole organization is directed by and for politicians. Gangs will continue their warfare on society and with one another until police service is taken off the basis of politics and put on the basis of a profession.

Uhlmann in the Brooklyn Standard Union

The merry-go-round

Crime and Legal Aid

EVEN WITH THAT we do not get at all the factors in American criminal feudism and feudalism. There is something wrong, according to the prevailing editorial opinion, with our laws and our legal procedure. It is plain to those opposed to our present prohibition laws that prohibition is partly responsible; but even among supporters of prohibition there are some that recognize the opportunity that prohibition affords the gangster allied with the bootlegger and hijacker. It is because there is a market for an illegal product that lawless gangs can be financed. Here opinion divides. Shall we modify the law to make the financial rewards for its violation less tempting, or shall we hoist the signal of "No Surrender" and tell the gangs that they cannot make the laws for the society they defy? In fact, the issue, even between wets and drys, is not quite so clear as that. There are drys who are willing to consider modification; there are wets who insist that the gangs must be met with resistance. The theory that by merely enacting heavier penalties the violation of the prohibition laws can be discouraged is widely rejected as futile. At the same time there seems to be growing the conviction that the helplessness of society in dealing with gangsters is due to the lenity and even more the procrastination with which courts and court officers are prone to deal with serious crime. Promptness and certainty of punishment are of much more avail than the threat of severity. And yet we go on making penalties heavier and letting most offenders escape.

Will deporting alien criminals cure the evil? Even those who advocate deporting them do not think deportation a cure. Many gangsters are not aliens; even if all were, their places would be taken by citizens.

Still more fundamental as a factor in letting gangsters and other criminal elements enjoy their hazardous but sometimes remunerative callings is our treatment of those convicted and even of those held for trial. Our jails and prisons have become breeders of crime. Editors generally have been impressed by the report lately issued by the National Crime Commission arraigning local and county jails for their influence in developing criminals.

Public opinion in the last analysis is responsible for all these factors that go to the maintenance of gang warfare. This is what all editorial comment comes to in the end. Chicago is what it is because the people of Chicago allow it to be so. Is Chicago, as the "Tribune" of that city asks, helpless? If so, it is because people who ought to be concerned continue to be unconcerned. Incidentally, Chicago is not the only sinner.

Six Years of Coolidge

IN RETROSPECT it is clear how little centrifugal force there was in the Coolidge Administration. A cautious and

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conservative New Englander plunged unexpectedly into a stirring post-war period, he was content to prune and preserve rather than expand Governmental activities. Moreover, his traditional regard for the separation of executive and legislative functions prevented him from making an aggressive fight for acceptance of his program by Congress. All but one of the six major recommendations contained in his first message to Congress failed of action or adoption. He obtained the tax reduction he asked—which had been started by Harding—but as a legacy to the Hoover Administration there hang over such ancient problems as adherence to the World Court, Government reorganization, relief to agriculture, reorganization of the coal industry and consolidation of the railroads.

Hoover takes office, however, with the Nation's finances in a well-managed state. Under Coolidge there was tax reduction totaling $1,300,000,000, reduction of the public debt by approximately $8,000,000,000 and a decrease in the annual cost of government from $5,000,000,000, to $3,000,000,000. Of the fifteen nations to which more than $10,000,000,000 of war loans were made, twelve have negotiated refunding agreements, and the only large account open is with France. As Coolidge leaves office, the question of liquidation of all the war debts is under discussion by the experts at Paris.

In other fields there have been accomplishments. The Government has been taken out of the shipping business, except for a few hundred small cargo vessels, and hopeful steps toward creating a merchant marine have been made. Both commercial and military aviation has been developed as a result of the work of the Morrow Commission, and a network of air mail lines binds the Americas. A Radio Commission has been established, and, despite complaints against alleged favoritism toward certain interests in the new industry, the Federal body has brought some order into what threatened to become chaos among the stars.

Utilization of water-power at Boulder Dam has been provided for, with public or private construction and operation as alternatives. The $325,000,000 program for providing safeguards against floods on the Mississippi River and its tributaries has been begun. The old pork-barrel system of locating and constructing public buildings has been abolished. Prohibition still provides trouble for any President, and Coolidge's unwillingness to assert himself in a positive manner was, perhaps, best reflected in his handling of this problem.

Coolidge's *laissez-faire* philosophy did not operate in so far as his attitude toward the business and industrial community was concerned. In every way he gave aid and comfort to the industrial and commercial interests, directly and indirectly. He took drastic measures to insure that such restraining bodies as the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Federal Trade Commission, and the Tariff Commission should not oppose his beneficent policies. He brought them under executive domination by reorganizing them, and, despite sharp criticism from Senate Progressives, he forced them into line with his thought.

Acme

OWEN D. YOUNG

American financial expert in Paris to head the international conference fixing German reparations payments

It is generally conceded that his handling of foreign affairs improved toward the close of his Administration. Yet despite his several moves for disarmament, circumstances provoked some ill feeling with Great Britain on this subject instead of a reduction of naval units. Nevertheless, his sponsorship of the Kellogg Pact and renewal of the attempt to obtain acceptance of our World Court reservations may be the means of effecting greater unity of purpose in the creation of machinery for international peace.

▶▶*Two Senators on Prohibition*

Senator Reed of Missouri and Senator Borah of Idaho are both greatly concerned with prohibition, but are in opposite camps. Senator Reed is one of the most outspoken of wets; Senator Borah, one of the most outspoken of drys. As the session of Congress drew to a close, bringing Senator Reed's Senatorial career to an end, these two men engaged in a debate that packed the galleries. We append extracts from the speech of each.

Senator Reed's speech was a characteristic denunciation of prohibition and was an elaboration of what he had already said. Senator Borah's speech, on the other hand, had a new note of tolerance and courage in facing the evils of the prohibition law which he still favors. It is interesting to note how differently these two men have responded to the same set of facts:

From Reed's Speech

"We have abandoned the Bible, the prayer book and the temperance tract for the lash, the prison, the gun and the blood . . . Law has been the instrument of tyrants and the weapon of brutes since time began. By it despots have sought to justify and cloak the villainies that have stained this earth with blood and saturated it with tears and filled it with the groans of the dying. An improper law, an unjust law, a cruel law may be as much a crime as is the act of an individual who assassinates in the dark . . .

"Law! Some people seem to think that if you can have a legislative body

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WINTER TRANSPORTATION ON THE BALTIC SEA

During the recent cold wave in Europe the Baltic between Atralsund and the Isle of Ruegen was frozen for the first time in many years

pass an atrocious law and fix a cruel punishment that that is the end of the matter and that it is perfectly proper to enact such a law if you can gather the votes to pass it. Why, sirs, the Saviour of mankind was crucified according to the Roman law and according to the Jewish law. . . . Let no man say because I have thus spoken that I am declaring we should defy this law . . . It is our business to proceed in the right way to remedy whatever wrongs exist, and the right way is to repeal bad laws and to change bad constitutions . . .

. . "I have been speaking upon the theory that this is a bad law; that it is a destructive law, and I now urge that it has introduced corrupting agencies and debased morals into the political life of our country . . . The gorge rises in the stomach of decency when we contemplate the fact that prostitutes have been hired and sent out to decoy men into rooms. They have consorted with the refuse who were pretending to represent the majesty of the law.

"They have set their traps in hotels and there they have, by the expenditure of Federal money, induced some poor bell boy or waiter to bring a little liquor to a party, supposedly of ladies and gentlemen, instead of a collection of blacklegs and prostitutes. All this was done beneath the white cloak of purity, all this is sanctified by the glory of the cause." . . .

From Borah's Speech

"It may be a mistake, the people of the United States may have erred in their judgment.

"Time and experience alone will demonstrate that fact. But it was not a crime; the people of the United States were in sincerity struggling with that which was deemed to be one of the great evils of modern civilization . . .

"I am not committed to all opposition to the modification or even the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, the repeal of the Volstead act. I am only committed against the change, the repeal either of the amendment or the law, so long as nothing better and more effective has been or can be presented. If there be a better way to control the evil of drink, a more effective way, more thorough, and with better results to those whom we would serve, let us have it . . . .

"I call attention to the fact, however, that there never has been a law placed upon the statute books of any civilized nation on the earth with reference to liquor that the liquor forces did not undertake to break down, to violate, to undermine, to corrupt the officials.

. . . "While we have for many years been disposed to jeer at the temperance reformer, at those who are advocating prohibition, I think they have accomplished one thing: they have made drink a luxury and popular.

"Then the cocktail becomes a luxury, the highball follows on, and men and women who in the old days would never have served a drink in their homes, or, if they did, would serve a little glass of wine, now dish it out, and mothers hand their daughters the liquor, girls of the same type who a few years ago would never have received anything but warning from their mothers . . .

"That is corrupting a class of young men, I say to you prohibition friends, and I say it as solemnly as I have ever uttered anything in my life, it is corrupting a class that rarely was endangered or tainted in the past, and upon your souls and consciences the weight of the burden must rest . . .

"I do not think any one wants to go back to the saloon. That is one monument to those whom we regarded for so long as cranks as fanatics."

▶▶*The Evolution of the Future*

"MODERN THOUGHT" is a rather vague term. Dr. Bernard Iddings Bell, warden of St. Stephen's College, has sought to give it definition. Perhaps there is another kind of thought equally "modern;" but what Dr. Bell describes and rejects is one form of thought that can be recognized as contemporary. In a recent Lenten sermon, Dr. Bell said:

"Modern thought seems chiefly to concern itself with all the things which count for least and ignores most of the things which matter most. It emphasizes all the ways in which man is like the beasts, and is quite unconcerned with the ways in which man is unlike the beasts—which latter ways happen to be the only things which really matter much about man.

"Modern thought is always talking of origins and rarely speaks of destinies: and this although every philosopher, from Aristotle down, has realized that nothing has a meaning except in terms of its completed development. The result is a common belief, implicit in almost all of the chatter which one hears, that evolution has somehow stopped and that man as he is has reached maturity—a most absurd hallucination."

Dr. Bell evidently believes, as others surely do, that it matters not so much what we have evolved from as what we are evolving into.

▶▶*A New Job for Lindbergh*

AS AN EXECUTIVE, with headquarters in a swivel chair, who could be more out of place than Charles Lindbergh? Suggestions that he be a member of Mr. Hoover's cabinet or the head of a bureau of aviation border on the grotesque. It is certain that no man can, and it now appears equally certain that no woman will, clip his wings. But he will be of service to the Government. He has been made technical adviser on aviation to the Department of Commerce. He is not to receive a stated salary, but will be paid by the day for the time he devotes to official advice. He will not even be temporarily caged. His medium will still be the air.

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Through his recommendations, the measures for providing a separate promotion list for the Army Air Corps and for extending the United States Air Mail service to Alaska and to Central and South America received in the last days of Congress a great impetus.

Lindbergh's counsel seems to be of more effect than many a high official's authority.

▸▸Kellogg and the World Court

Secretary Kellogg has emphasized a point that appeals strongly to American sentiment in his speech urging that public opinion, and not any sanction of force, is the best safeguard of the Peace Pact of Paris. It is through the force of public opinion that the Supreme Court has established the unquestioned authority of its rulings.

And Secretary Kellogg has taken a logical further step in asking all the nations signatory to the protocol of the World Court to exchange views among themselves with the purpose of finding a formula that would permit adherence of the United States to the Permanent Court of International Justice at The Hague. Through proper development of the Court, the public opinion essential to peace can be greatly encouraged and strengthened.

Three years ago the signatories of the Court Protocol accepted all the reservations of the United States Senate to its provisions, except the one stipulating that the Court should not, without the consent of the United States, entertain requests for advisory opinions touching any matter in which the United States has or claims an interest. It is to the question raised by this reservation that Secretary Kellogg now requests the nations to give their attention. The move he has made is the first on the part of the United States since the Court signatories indicated that they could not admit the United States under the conditions it had laid down. The initiative of Secretary Kellogg has been cordially greeted in Europe; and it may well lead to a workable plan for American membership in the Court.

▸▸Religious Union, Two Kinds

Representatives of the Northern Presbyterian and Methodist churches are undertaking the serious study of measures necessary to the merger of the two bodies. Organic unity of denominations as different as they in historic doctrine and polity has been proved possible in Canada, and there seems to be no effective reason why it should not be possible in the United States. To all the six million members of these two denominations and to Protestant Church leaders generally such a merger as this would bear great significance as a promise of the end of sectarianism. So far as it would lead to the union of local churches that are now competing in overchurched communities it might well have great influence outside of the denominations themselves. It is conceivable that two churches, one Methodist and one Presbyterian, now struggling to support separate ministers and organizations in many a village or small town, might become in union more than doubly influential.

It is for that reason that perhaps even more significant than the plans for the Methodist-Presbyterian merger is such a meeting as the National Conference of Jews and Christians in New York. There Catholics, Protestants and Jews sought a common meeting ground of minds. Naturally one of the subjects to which the speakers reverted was that of religious bigotry or intolerance.

It was recognized that sometimes a religious faith or a large group holding a religious faith in common was held responsible for the words or actions of individuals or a group not representative of the whole. What those in conference sought was not only the common resemblance between the faiths represented there, but also such practical measures as would reduce if not abolish the friction in daily life that arises out of differences of belief.

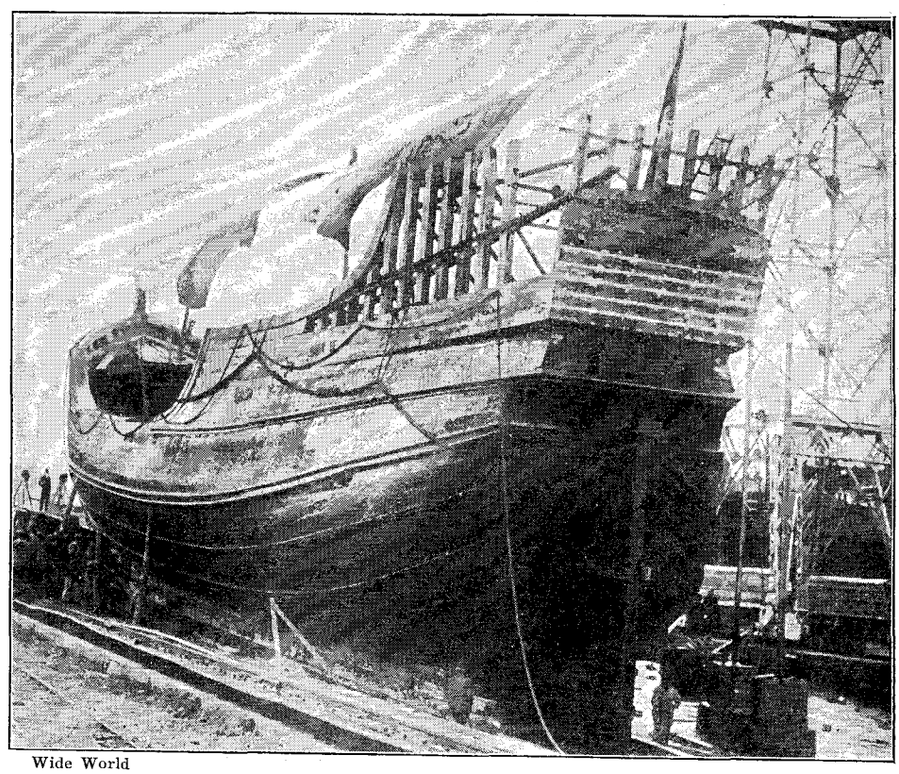
▸▸George Washington in 1929

In spite of debunking biographers, George Washington a hundred and thirty years after his death is still invoked as the wisest of our statesmen.

Isolationists have cited him as an authority for the doctrine that we should have nothing to do with such international organizations as the League of Nations and the World Court.

No clearer corrective of misunderstanding about this has appeared than an extended passage in the address delivered on Washington's Birthday by President Coolidge.

Citing Washington's admonition in his Farewell Address that we should beware of permanent political alliances, Mr. Coolidge pointed out that in that day "an alliance meant the banding together of two or more nations for offensive and defensive purposes against



Wide World

A SECOND SANTA MARIA

An exact reproduction of the ship in which Columbus sailed, which has been built for the Spanish-American Exposition at Seville

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certain other nations, either expressed or implied . . . . It had no reference to an association of practically all nations," explained Mr. Coolidge, "in an attempt to recognize their common interests and discharge their common obligations."

Applying this interpretation to our present condition, President Coolidge made clear the difference between a policy of isolation, refusing all participation with a joint action between nations for the common good, and a position of detachment from obligations that make us parties to international factional disputes. He referred to the willingness of other nations "to turn to us for assistance when they have difficulties among themselves."

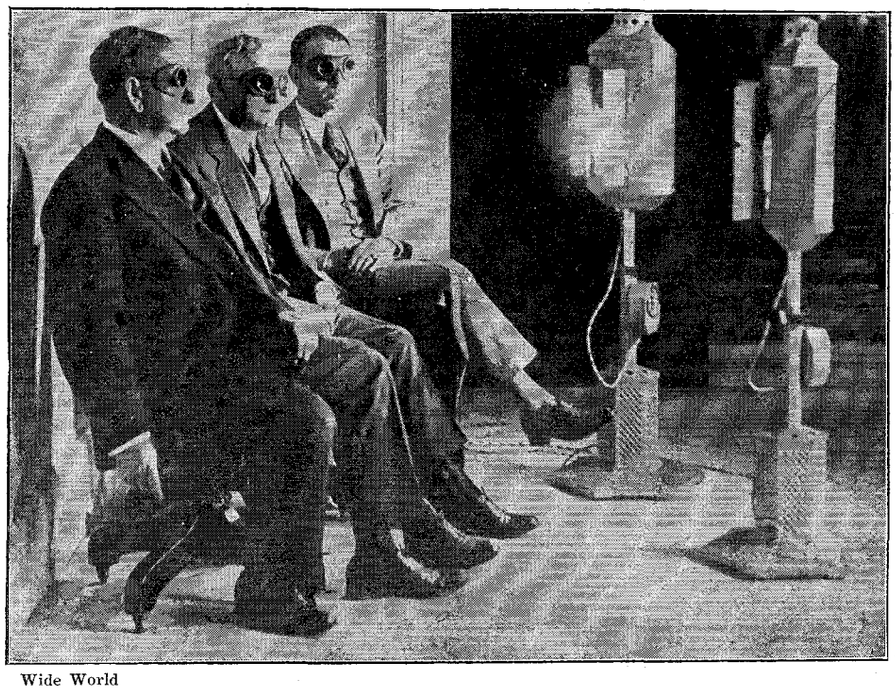
In contrast to nations whose interests are such that they must seek special partnerships, President Coolidge described our place in the world as follows: "Our situation is such that we are and can remain unhampered by any such necessities. We do not seek isolation for its own sake, or in order that we may avoid responsibility, but we cherish our position of unprejudiced detachment, because through that means we can best meet our world obligations. If we become closely identified with any specific grouping of nations, however advantageous it might be to us, we could not hope to continue to perform that service."

President Coolidge is evidently not among those who think that Washington's warning about alliances would have application to American participation in, for example, the World Court.

▸▸*News from the Antarctic*

Commander Byrd's recent air flight as described in the "New York Times" and the papers associated with it in receiving almost daily wireless correspondence from Antarctica, brought him in sight of a large mountain range not known to geographers, the second he has discovered. This, now mapped by aero-camera, Byrd has named the Rockefeller Range, while a great stretch of newly seen land and mountain is to be called Marie Byrd Land after the explorer's wife—"the best sport and noblest person I know," says Commander Byrd. The correspondent, Mr. Russell Owen, expresses the belief that next season Byrd will be able to chart a land larger than the British territory known as the Ross Dependency and "possibly equally majestic in character."

Byrd's recent flights have amply justified his plan of spending one year's season in preparatory work and extending his operations the next season with the knowledge already gained as their base of information. Incidentally it should be noted that on February 24, Commander Byrd sent a direct radio code message to be broadcast in this country in code and then translated.



Wide World

SYNTHETIC TAN FOR CONGRESSMEN
Representatives Dyer, Zihlman and McLeod manage to attain a quite respectable sunburn without leaving the House Office Building

The Australian explorer, Sir Douglas Mawson, who is about to undertake an expedition to Wilkes Land with a view to following the unknown parts of its coast by airplane, has expressed his high commendation of Byrd's recent achievements.

When the plans of Byrd, Wilkins and Mawson have been carried out we shall know pretty accurately just what does lie in the vast Antarctic region. It is true that Captain Wilkins has returned, but he will move southward again next year and he has already a definite achievement to his credit in his air exploration of Graham Land.

▸▸*Mars, Venus and Jupiter*

Like two ships whose courses almost coincide for a brief time the earth and Mars have just been once more within hailing distance of one another. It is not difficult even yet to locate the ruddy planet. He is well up toward the zenith in the south in the middle of the evening.

At each approach of this kind astronomers learn a little more about our fascinating outer neighbor. Within the past few years the Martian temperature has been proved equable, the atmosphere not so attenuated as once was thought and the polar caps not carbon dioxide but common snow. Inferences drawn from these discoveries strongly indicate life of some kind. This has set astronomers peering at Mars with redoubled energy and new changes in the surface markings of the planet have been discovered.

Even a telescope three inches in diameter, or one of the so-called "poor man's" reflecting telescopes so many amateurs have been constructing during the past two years, will reveal the reappearance, after many years' disappearance, of a broad dark streak in the region of the Martian features, named by areographers "Pandorae Fretum" and "Noachis." This streak the famous French Martian observer, Antoniadi, regards as "due probably to a growth of vegetation."

Venus, now dazzling bright in the southwest after sunset, has received some unusual attentions since new methods of approach have become available. Dr. Frank Ross of Mount Wilson observatory has completed a series of photographs of this planet in light of different colors. From these researches he concludes that the outer atmosphere of Venus "is composed of a

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thin stratum of cirrus clouds, while the inner atmosphere is dense, and yellowish in color." Although some observers have believed they saw elevations on Venus, most astronomers regard her as an impenetrable sphinx, shrouded in clouds.

The third planet now prominently visible is Jupiter, between Mars and Venus. Recent observations by Nicholson of Mount Wilson Observatory reveal vast eddies of clouds on Jupiter around that prominent marking known as the Great Red Spot. What they signify is but poorly known as yet.

Stewart's Counter-Attack

COLONEL ROBERT W. STEWART, Chairman and Director of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, is awaiting the verdict of the stockholders to be rendered the day after the date of this issue of the Outlook and Independent. His indignation, as expressed in a statement to this jury on February 20, seems to be aroused by the thought that the fight to oust him from his present position should be considered a "moral issue." If it is one "why," he asks, "the inability to state it, much less prove it?" Wasn't he acquitted before two juries?

Carefully explaining that he did not believe Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., himself responsible, Col. Stewart declared the document issued by Winthrop W. Aldrich, Mr. Rockefeller's spokesman, to be a "grossly unfair deception —unfair because it was largely insinuation—a deception of omission as well as of statement."

He includes in his denunciation not only Mr. Aldrich, but also Mr. Ivy Lee, "press agent for John D. Rockefeller, Jr." He asks, "Why does it become necessary to bring into action against me the subtle coercive power of the wealth of the Rockefellers and their associates and the companies dominated by them?" He appeals to the stockholders to vote for their own good and the good of the company.

In not so much as a sentence does Col. Stewart undertake to defend or even explain the Continental Trading Company deal. That deal was described item by item in the document he denounces; but he does not in any particular either disprove the account of what he did or defend his act.

Does Col. Stewart wish to be understood as assuming that any man who makes dividends for his company should be retained as long as he has done nothing for which he has been convicted in a court of law? Col. Stewart has not been sent to jail. Is that his sole defense?

The Canal and the Airplane

EVERY AIRPLANE that travels the regular routes from Central or North America to the southern hemisphere must pass over the Panama Canal or its approaches. There aviation will establish a new cross roads of world commerce. As the Canal Zone is a strategic center from a military as well as a commercial point of view, it is essential that special rules should be enforced for aviators flying over it. Consequently the Panama Canal Zone together with the territorial waters within three miles of it, has been declared a military airspace reservation.

Regulations just issued require each private aircraft entering this airspace to carry a certification of registration, certificates of airworthiness, of the competency of its commander and crew, lists of whatever passengers and merchandise it may carry, log books and radio license. On landing it must be inspected. It must enter and leave by prescribed routes, and before leaving must obtain clearance. Certain articles cannot be carried except by express license—including munitions and unboxed photographic apparatus.

Aviation is thus coming under the same kind of surveillance and regulation as navigation.

Remarkable Remarks

There is a growing suspicion that a Being great enough to manage this universe would not burn any of his creatures forever. — ARTHUR BRISBANE.

Religion in this country is a good deal of a mess.—REV. HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK.

We know Prohibition can be enforced.—F. SCOTT MCBRIDE.

There is nothing wrong with the country. We seem to have the proper proportion of everything. — HENRY FORD.

A husband is a matter of chance or luck—just one of the wedding presents. But a wife is a man's own fault.—HELEN ROWLAND.

A man is never in his right mind when he is in love with a girl.—JOHN H. BACKES.

The heroes steering airplanes are outnumbered by the heroes piloting baby carriages.—"BUGS" BAER.

A woman can overlook any conduct on the part of her husband if he never intimates that the new hat cost too much.—CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND.

With a few exceptions I think that a woman of sixty is just a shade silly in making love.—HEYWOOD BROUN.

The one great aim that should always be in view is the necessity of being a winner.—BERNARR MCFADDEN.

Labor's Demands

ORGANIZED labor is renewing its fight to keep high and even raise higher the bars against immigration.

Though of course a large proportion of the members of trade unions are of the first, second, or third generation of immigrants, the American Federation of Labor does not want wage levels lowered by the competition of newcomers from abroad. Sentiment, such as there is, does not withstand economic interest. Much of the support of laws restricting immigration has come from labor organizations. Now the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor has instructed the President of the Federation, William Green, to draft, for presentation at the next convention, a proposal to have Congress suspend all immigration for ten years.

The old doctrine that America should be a haven and asylum for all has been pretty well renounced.

The Federation which is on record in favor of light wine and beer, will, through its Council, ask for representation on Mr. Hoover's Prohibition Investigation Commission.

The Council granted a charter to the organization of Pullman porters.

The Council also protested against the wage reduction in one of the United States Steel Corporation plants, and pointed the moral that United States Steel Corporation employees should be organized.

Immediately after the Council of the Federation had made these and other proposals, sympathizers with the Brookwood Labor College made a vigorous attack upon the Federation's leadership. In session at Katonah, New York,

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where Brookwood is situated, were a group representative of labor education and organizations in this country and in England, Germany, and Belgium. They countered the charges that Brookwood represented foreign, atheistic, and "Red" ideas by declaring, in the words of the head of the College, "President Green, Vice-President Woll, and some of their colleagues at the head of the labor movement in the United States . . . do not represent the real masses of workers and are afraid that through workers' education this fact may become known and they will lose their jobs."

This is not essentially a new controversy. It is the old one between those who, accepting the present social order, take practical steps to better the wage-earners' conditions under it and those who want to develop the workers' class consciousness. The resolutions of the Council of the American Federation of Labor are all characteristic of the American labor movement, which is indifferent to political power as such and refuses to be distracted from its one aim—the raising of the standard of labor conditions and of the wage scale.

▶▶The Dead Line of Forty

WE HAVE HEARD a good deal about the age of sixty as the time at which men lose their jobs and cannot get new ones. Now we are told that there is a growing tendency to discharge workmen who have attained the moderately mature age of forty. President Green of the American Federation of Labor asserts that employers of labor have more and more adopted a policy of discharging men of forty or over and hiring none but young men. The only remedy he suggests is to make the immigration laws stricter so that young aliens shall not take the places of American citizens in the prime of life.

The reason given for such apparently foolish action by employers is a curious one. It is that employers have to pay for the older men higher insurance premiums either under workmen's compensation laws or under the now rather common method of group insurance. Where a concern pays sick benefits or aids in retiring funds there might also be a saving.

To the disinterested reader this seems a cold-blooded policy and one of doubtful profit. The average man of from forty to forty-five is at his best, and to replace him by a younger, less experienced worker, might well be to lose in one direction what might be saved in another. The children of Mammon are not always wise in their money-making.

▶▶Attention of Mr. Hoover

SEVERAL WEEKS AGO we reported serious charges made at a meeting of the Indian Rights Association as to the treatment of the Indians under the care of the Indian Bureau. We quoted statements almost unbelievable yet coming from responsible men. Major-General Hugh Scott said that "the failure of the Indian Bureau to function rightly is due to politics," and Dr. Haven Emerson charged "calculated murder of the bodies and thievery of the Indian wards of the Nation."

Underwood

ROUND-THE-WORLD FLIGHT

Art Goebel, winner of the Dole flight, who plans to encircle the globe, without a stop, refueling by means of special planes stationed at strategic points

An investigation has been under way in several Western States by a committee of the United States Senate. In an article by John Collier in the "Survey," summaries are given of some of the testimony. The engineer of the Rice school at the San Carlos Apache reservation, Patrick Kennedy, ("not a voluntary witness," says Mr. Collier) told of two girls eleven and twelve years old who had escaped and were brought back. They were marched about the schoolyard with cord-wood on their shoulders. One refused. Mr. Collier's report of the engineer's testimony says that, "these girls were chained to their beds when they entered their dormitory at night. They slept in chains. And they were marched to their meals—their 3-cent meals—held by chains fastened about their necks."

Of course this is but one individual case. But other cases cited in the "Survey's" article and in articles that have appeared in other periodicals at least make it evident that the time has come for a thorough and open discussion of the way the Government's Indian Bureau is protecting and teaching its wards. If it is true that "politics" is responsible, let the people of the country take the matter out of politics. Mr. Collier goes so far as to say that, "the House, by virtue of the oligarchic machinery which dominates it, will remain under control of the Indian Bureau regardless of any facts brought out against the Bureau by the hearings."

Every one should preserve an open mind while this matter is sifted from top to bottom. But every one may also rightly join with Mr. Collier in his exclamation, "What an opportunity Mr. Hoover has!"

▶▶Free Advertising

"THE WELL OF LONELINESS," a novel dealing with homosexuality, was suppressed in England over the protests of many noteworthy writers. It was brought to America and published in New York. The Society for the Suppression of Vice seized 865 copies of it in the publisher's office and proceedings were brought against this publisher in a Magistrate's Court. After some weeks the Magistrate ruled that the book was published in violation of the penal law and sent the case to Special Sessions for trial.

In the meantime the book was headed straight for the list of best sellers. If it is ultimately suppressed it will be long after suppression can possibly afford any "protection" for people with weak minds or vicious instincts.

This whole business of attempting to establish a civil *Index Expurgatorius* seems to be attended with the gravest of difficulties. Of course there is a cer-

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tain amount of commercialized filth that can be eliminated from the mails and newsstands without attracting public attention. When the matter suppressed is out of this class, the cure frequently seems to be worse than the disease.

England has certainly attempted one form of cure which is an amazing novelty to Americans. We are brought up to think of Great Britain as the home of personal liberty and to lament the fact that we have surrendered some of our heritage. Yet what are we to make of the news from England that Lord Byng, head of Scotland Yard, had intercepted and seized in the mails a manuscript by D. H. Lawrence en route from the author to the publisher? If the news dispatches are correct, Lawrence knew nothing of the seizure or the reason for it until he discovered that his manuscript had never reached its destination.

The Home Secretary recently told Parliament that he was not going to seek further powers to deal with obscene literature or advocate the establishment of a censorship of books. Well, if Lord Byng has the power which he has exercised in the seizure of Lawrence's "Pansies" why should the Government seek for more? It looks as if it had about reached the ultimate limit.

▸▸Dead Bandits as Scarecrows

In Texas, where distances are great and isolated banks are many, bandits used to flourish. Lately, however, they have shunned the Lone Star State, and other localities troubled by this particular type of desperado might well study Texas's simple method. It all began with the posting of placards on trees and telephone poles. The robbery rate had been rising until in 1927, it reached the astounding total of three robberies a week for a month and a half. Then the State Bankers' Association got busy. The placards were posted, offering $5,000 reward for dead bandits shot in attempts to rob banks or by posses pursuing them. Bandits folded their tool kits and the flaps of their holsters. In 1928, although the Bankers' Association paid out $25,000 in bounties, there were but two successful bank robberies.

Some opposition was raised to the posted rewards as putting a premium upon murder. But the Bankers' Association does not look at it in that light. Working in a bank, they say, had come to be classed among the dangerous occupations of Texas, and they were tired of it. They feel that the bounty has done what was expected of it and has been well worth the $25,000 it has cost. Once, however, it suggested possibilities to a gang of killers. Luring two Mexicans to the door of a bank, they shot them down in cold blood and claimed $10,000 reward. But the authorities were not deceived.

▸▸R. U. R.

No longer need night-flying airplanes, unexpected at airports, fear the hazard of landing in the dark—that is, if the field is equipped with Mr. R. J. Wensley's Televox and the plane with a lusty siren. For Mr. Wensley, who has put his electrical robot to work in other capacities, has now demonstrated that Mr. Televox is a handy fellow at turning on the floodlights of an airport when the nightwatchman is having a midnight snack at Charlie's diner and no one is around to hear the throb of an incoming pilot's motor.

It was at Newark, New Jersey, that Mr. Wensley's robot demonstrated his newest capabilities. Overhead, Pilot Peter Bransom peered down at the lights of the city. Somewhere, he knew, there was a landing field. But from 2,000 feet in the air its outlines were invisible. Pilot Bransom reached over and pulled the cord of a siren. Gradually a low moan rose to a shrill scream and suddenly, far below him, flood lights bathed every corner of the flying field. The siren was turned off; the lights were put out; Pilot Bransom climbed higher. Again he opened his siren; again the lights flashed on. The test was complete.

All of this, of course, was merely to demonstrate the efficiency of the Televox. No human hand touched the switch which operated the lights. Into the cone of a horn the sound waves from the siren's call had gone to the Knowles grid glow-tube in an apparatus not dissimilar to a radio set. A delicate vibrating reed selector caught the waves; they were transformed into electrical energy, magnified, and finally reached proportions great enough to throw the switch.

Aviators believe that this will eliminate one of the dangers of night flying, and also do away with the great expense of keeping fields lighted for chance aviators. We are interested to see one of Karel Capek's stageland robots so soon come to life.

▸▸Niggards

Foreigners who look upon Americans as a Nation of opulent spendthrifts ought to take a trip to Washington and look in on Congress and note what a House Committee did to the proposal to pay a pension of $5,000 to the widow of Leonard Wood. All General Wood did for his country was to devote his life to its service to the financial detriment of himself and his family. He turned down an honorable and well-paid position as head of the University of Pennsylvania to finish his career as Governor General of the Philippines.

Underwood

BARON VON HUENEFELD'S LAST ADVENTURE

Soldiers carrying the casket bearing the body of the Bremen flyer. His companions on the flight, Captain Koehl and Major Fitzmaurice, are shown following the casket

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Already the bill to give a pension to Mrs. Wood has been two years in the legislative mill. In the face of this record, Representative Knutson, a Republican of Minnesota and Chairman of the House Pension Committee, reported for his committee a reduction in Mrs. Wood's proposed pension from $5,000 to $1,800.

Cuba, which always gratefully remembered General Wood's service, upon his death promptly voted Mrs. Wood a pension of $5,000. Probably Cuba's wealth in land and in resources compared with the well-known poverty of the United States explains the niggardliness of the House Committee. If General Wood had been an Englishman and performed a parallel service for that country he would doubtless have received a reward which would have permitted his family to live in dignity and comfort. This is another of those things which are done better abroad.

Back Stage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE REALIZE that the week of March 4 should be a period of congratulation to Herbert Hoover for attainment of his great desire to become the President of the United States, but our feeling is one of sympathy. And if the reports that reach our ears are correct, Mr. Hoover has already learned that the millennium did not arrive on the day he was elected or on that of his inauguration. We perceived a dark and growing shadow fall athwart the presidential parade down Pennsylvania Avenue, and we suspect from Mr. Hoover's tight lips and wrinkled forehead that he saw it, too. It is prohibition.

We respect him for his effort to preserve a sane and sensible viewpoint toward this problem, but we fear he will be all the more deserving of condolences unless he quickly abandons that impossible attitude. He will attempt too much, even for him, if he tries to please the prohibitionists. We thought they would rest content with their victory of November 6—and so did Hoover's friends when they rubbed their hands at the thought that he would have won without the Anti-Saloon League and Woman's Christian Temperance Union—but that only whetted their appetites. Like Oliver Twist they have put their plate on the White House doorstep and are asking for more—more zealousness, more recognition, more money for enforcement, more agents for bigger and better raids, bigger and longer prison sentences.

So we venture that Mr. Hoover will end by feeling toward them and their view of the universe as his three immediate predecessors did. Wilson, Harding and Coolidge set out to hit the enforcement trail as best they could, but they soon found that if they were to perform any of their other duties as Chief Executive of the United States, they had best forget the Volstead Act and stop worrying over the Volsteadites. Calvin Coolidge, the drys tell us, was the most successful in this endeavor.

We mean this prediction as no reflection on Mr. Hoover's sincerity or honesty. We look to him to make an effort to keep all his high-minded campaign pledges about prohibition enforcement;

Knott in the Dallas News

A watchdog should have teeth

we would think him ungrateful if he did not cater to the drys who voted for him so trustingly and joyously. But the professional prohibitionists, as he has already discovered, do not want or understand moderation with respect to enforcement of the dry laws. Mr. Hoover, we are told, has already learned that he must play sharp and inhuman politics if he is to keep his dry allies in a friendly mood. His forces in Congress defeated the drys' demands for the excessive sum of $24,000,000 additional for the task of making America arid, but he has paid well for this temporary relief.

He has, for instance, been forced to deprive his good and serviceable friend, Colonel William J. Donovan, of the one Cabinet place he would prefer to all else in the world—the Attorney-Generalship. (The Colonel may bob up as Secretary of War by the time this is published, but that is like giving a tin whistle to a boy who wants a saxophone.) Hoover has also been forced to offer the Attorney-Generalship to Senator Borah, although we have reason to believe that the President would prefer to leave that uncertain gentleman outside his official family. Hoover has been warned by Bishop James Cannon of Virginia that unless his Administration exhibits a real zeal for prohibition enforcement, the white-ribboners will blow Andrew W. Mellon out of his seat in the Cabinet. Mr. Hoover has seen such a stout-hearted stickler for economy as Mr. Coolidge dig down into Uncle Sam's pockets for an extra $2,500,000 at the behest of the drys. The new President we suspect, cannot but realize that there is no appeasing the appetite of the organized prohibitionists in their thirst for control of the Government. The new President, who chooses to give rather than receive orders, has not enjoyed this taste of what is to come. Even before he took office he had found himself forced to play politics because of the drys' importunities. He could have neither the peace nor the Cabinet he wanted, not to mention the fact that the desire to find an Attorney-General satisfactory to the drys was the reason for cutting short his really delightful sojourn at Miami.

Now, in our opinion, Hoover has too many other ideas in his mind, and too keen a sense of proportion, to endure such a state of affairs for long. Human nature will not stand for it, and therefore, we believe, he will agree with his predecessors that dry enforcement is only a routine government function—as, indeed, it is. We think we note a trace of impatience in Hoover already, since we learn that, in asking Borah to sacrifice his Senate seat for the Attorney-Generalship, Hoover said the Senator's acceptance would get him "out of a mess." The drys may not appreciate Mr. Hoover's Elizabethan expression, but we submit that the phrase is significant of something more important than the new President's literary style.

A. F. C.

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The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

ONE of the most interesting things about "Harlem," the new negro play at the Apollo, is its audience. For it is a prize-fight audience, a spectacle audience, and is fairly representative, we should say, of the element of American society among which the negro in real life has to make his way. It is an audience, probably, that wants to be thrilled; that looks for "raw meat" in its artistic menu; and represents an opposite extreme from those nightly crowds which stream into the Theatre Guild productions and go to see the Ethel Barrymores and the Walter Hampdens. In other words, it is fairly representative of one of the groups of society which the negro must please in order to make himself first felt as an artist.

Viewed from this standpoint, and taking into consideration the fact that as a group, these colored people are not led or inspired by any of the James Weldon Johnsons of the race, "Harlem," both from the standpoint of art and ideas is distinctly worth seeing. The white audience may seem more sinister to you than the colored play. The beat of primitive existence may sound a trifle too loud. You can quarrel with many of the scenes—some for being too realistic, others for not being genuine enough. But on the stage there are about sixty negroes—only one white man appears in the play—and they manage to produce an undeniably real and compelling drama, filled with humor, suspense, murder, delicate artistic distinctions of light and shade and all the carefully created scale of emotion which must be so well considered in putting over any dramatic production to an audience.

In almost every case, the actors are better than the play, for the story is a rather weak and cheaply bolstered melodrama of life in New York City's black belt, and amounts to not much more than a highly exciting one-act play, with a crowded, confused prologue and epilogue. A bootlegging gangster sees the girl he wants at a Saturday night "rent party," and takes her to his room where the leader of his gang murders him and "frames" the girl's fiancé as the supposed murderer, when this fiancé follows to save the girl from the hands of the first gunman. The story thus starts and ends in a tenement flat during a "rent party," while the second act describes what goes on in the gangster's room.

Moving through these scenes are crude negroes, mulattoes, West Indians, Barbados niggers, homesick North Carolina blacks and all the mixture that Harlem unquestionably is—its social distinctions, its gradations of color, from black to yellow, its home life and religion, and its appallingly extemporaneous existence. All the melodramatic aspects of Harlem are well presented, particularly the mass scenes in the jazz dancing party, at which Pa Williams hopes to sell enough liquor to pay his rent.

It is only where the sober realities of life among the negroes are touched upon that the play becomes forced and absurd and totally lacking in sympathetic insight. Very little of the essential childlike humor and pathos of the colored race is allowed play, and over the whole subject is thrown a kind of vaudeville haze which prevents the play from achieving anything noteworthy, whatever.

AND YET, taking it for what it is, these negroes make it absorbing. Perhaps many of them are themselves; perhaps very little acting is required for many of the parts. Very clearly some of the actors are simply being themselves on the stage of the Apollo instead of on upper Fifth Avenue. But beyond this, there are the principal rôles of the show which are susceptible of no easy explanation. In particular, the part of Kid Vamp as played by Ernest Whitman.

Here is a big black actor who can act; who in every way, so far as his part permits, is the equal of the one white man in the cast, (Arthur Hughes, as the detective) and who casts over all the scenes in which he plays a genuine sense of illusion.

It is true that not so much can be said for the other colored leads of the company. They vary; and yet, even from a Broadway standpoint, they range from competent to fairly good. Simply as an example of what the colored race may attain in the theatre, they are distinctly interesting, as is the whole play itself.

Unquestionably many people will go to see it merely for the "kick," the unashamed presentation of primitive humanity it affords. And they will not be disappointed if they remember to bear in mind the circumstances surrounding the whole production. Beyond this, however, is the fact that it is ninety per cent a colored achievement.

Our Own Theatre Guide

Caprice. GUILD. Highly intelligent and entertaining comedy of the emotions; Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne give almost flawless performances.

The Perfect Alibi. CHARLES HOPKINS. The perfect detective play.

Little Accident. AMBASSADOR. Deftly acted, excellently written comedy; the love story of two very modern young people with clashing ideas.

Strange Interlude. JOHN GOLDEN. O'Neill's finest drama which you've all heard about by this time.

The Kingdom of God. ETHEL BARRYMORE THEATRE. Ethel Barrymore's triumph.

The Front Page. TIMES SQUARE. Humor, drama and thrills in a newspaper press room.

The Age of Innocence. EMPIRE. A complete picture of social ideas sixty years ago; and Katherine Cornell.

Street Scene. PLAYHOUSE. Realistic tragedy in a broken-down brownstone front somewhere in Manhattan.

Cyrano de Bergerac. HAMPDEN. Walter Hampden in a popular revival.

Serena Blandish. MOROSCO. A fabulous comedy which relates the adventures of a young lady on matrimony bent.

Wings over Europe. ALVIN. A good old-fashioned melodrama in which a youthful scientist discovers the key to the universe.

Paris. MUSIC BOX. Ordinary farce much enlivened by Irene Bordoni.

Holiday. PLYMOUTH. Sparkling drawing-room comedy about people who have more money than they want.

Gypsy. KLAW. Claiborne Foster in what the program calls a play about a girl with a gypsy heart.

With Music

Show Boat. ZIEGFELD. Still the best in town; romance, exquisite settings and music to match.

This Year of Grace. SELWYN. Beatrice Lillie and Noel Coward in a thoroughly delightful London revue.

Three Cheers. GLOBE. Will Rogers at his best, pinch-hitting for Fred Stone.

Whoopee. NEW AMSTERDAM. Eddie Cantor and Ziegfeld settings.

Follow Thru. CHANIN. An attractive lot of youthful entertainers will make you have a grand time along with them; very casually about golf.

Under the Red Robe. SHUBERT. Stanley Weyman's book all over again with some very fair music.

Hold Everything. BROADHURST. Everybody likes this.

Animal Crackers. 44TH STREET. The Marx Brothers as funny as ever, but not much else.

New Moon. IMPERIAL. Another good costume musical show.

Blackbirds. ELTINGE. If you like colored revues, this is an excellent one.

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The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

"The Broadway Melody"

HAVING already pointed out that this all-talking picture was greeted by unprecedented acclaim, let us add that we agree with all that was said. "The Broadway Melody" is a fine show.

Bessie Love and Anita Page appear in it as a small-time sister act that comes to New York at the instance of the song-writer fiancé of one of them. Through his efforts, they land with the "Zanfield Follies" and the younger and prettier one is an instantaneous wow. Now it is Hank, the elder sister, who is engaged to Eddie Kearns, the song-writing hoofer. Eddie has never seen Queenie, the younger one, until the girls reach New York.

Queenie and Eddie fall in love, despite their mutual effort to be loyal to Hank, and, to relieve the situation, Queenie begins playing around with an evil-intentioned sugar-daddy. Eddie and Hank try desperately to save her, and it is Eddie's attitude toward the affair that finally convinces Hank that it is her sister Eddie loves and not herself.

On learning the truth, she gets herself another "sister," this time a fictitious one, and goes back to her small-time act, leaving Eddie and Queenie to each other.

Bessie Love does extraordinary work as "Hank." This actress, whose career in silent pictures had been nothing to brag about, has crashed into the talkies just about as conclusively as the thing could be done. Her voice is ideal and she seems to take on color and personality in a speaking part to an extent that entirely belies her none too colorful past.

Anita Page looks lovely and acts surprisingly well as the beautiful, loyal and dumb Queenie, and Charles King is just exactly right as Eddie Kearns.

There are many intriguing scenes, one in full color, of the "Zanfield Follies" and, all in all, the picture is one we're almost positive you'll enjoy. N.B. James Gleason did the dialogue.

"The Iron Mask"

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS—Mogul of the Movies, Sultan of Cinema, Dashing Rajah of Romance—leaps again into the very iris of the public eye with such a gorgeously thrilling motion picture as has not been seen since "The Mark of Zorro."

Put "The Iron Mask" down as Doug's greatest personal achievement. Gray-bearded for half of the picture and candidly mature, his D'Artagnan shows that valor is deathless and ardor eternal; and, incidentally, that Douglas Fairbanks's rise in the make-believe world rests on something far more secure than a flashing smile and a sinewy arm.

Brains have put him where he is, and brains guided him away from the obvious error into which his second venture as D'Artagnan might easily have led him—the inclination to keep that ageless hero looking young. As it is, D'Artagnan's gray hairs help to provide the dignity and seriousness of purpose that make this performance Douglas Fairbanks's greatest to date. Only our own opinion—of course.

It goes without saying that the costumes, settings and cast are flawless. Doug has never made a picture yet ("The Iron Mask" is his thirty-seventh) in which this wasn't the case. We see, in this sequel to "The Three Musketeers," five of the performers who appeared in that picture with Doug: Marguerite de la Motte as Constance; Leon Bary as Athos; Nigel de Brulier as Richelieu; Charles Stevens as Planchet and Lon Poff as Father Joseph.

Belle Bennett plays Anne of Austria and Ulrich Haupt is splendid as the dastardly de Rochefort.

As to the plot, we loved it. There's a lot of it—so much that it gets its swiftly scurrying feet a bit tangled once or twice—but who cares? If you don't like it, better buy yourself a copy of the "Hardware Gazette," light up a White Owl and admit that romance is dead in your soul.

Otherwise, it is suggested, advised, recommended, urged and demanded that you see "The Iron Mask" and thus present yourself with one of the grandest evenings you have ever known.

Our Own Movie Guide

Largely Talking

The Singing Fool: AL JOLSON'S *mammoth hit.*

My Man: FANNIE BRICE sings and clowns as only she can.

Interference: A remarkably smooth adaptation of the successful stage play.

In Old Arizona: An outdoor talkie that deserves a lot of praise.

The Doctor's Secret: BARRIE'S "Half an Hour" reproduced, not without defects, by WILLIAM DE MILLE.

The Barker: This is about half silent, and would have been a fine picture if entirely so.

The Wolf of Wall Street: GEORGE BANCROFT'S remarkable characterization and some skilful dialogue.

Weary River: RICHARD BARTHELMESS shows no little genius as a speaking actor.

On Trial: So far, the best of the talkies.

Napoleon's Barber: A fine performance by OTTO MATTHIESON, but the recording is pretty poor.

Mostly Silent

Shopworn Angel: A fine job, with NANCY CARROLL, GARY COOPER and the direction of RICHARD WALLACE.

A Romance of the Underworld: IRVING CUMMINGS'S worthy successor to "Dressed to Kill."

The Flying Fleet: RAMON NOVARRO in the best of all aviation pictures, not forgetting "Wings."

True Heaven: Fair to middling war story.

West of Zanzibar: LON CHANEY'S best for some time.

The River: One of the world's worst pictures.

A Woman of Affairs: GRETA GARBO, JOHN GILBERT, LEWIS STONE, DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR., HOBART BOSWORTH and DOROTHY SEBASTIAN in a screening of "The Green Hat." No worse than the book.

Captain Lash: A fair program picture. with VICTOR MCLAGLEN, CLAIRE WINDSOR and CLYDE COOK.

"The Viking"

A BEAUTIFUL series of scenes is this all-color film, and a record of the doings of a highly interesting person—Leif Ericson. Its story is well enough worked out, but its direction is not, so that what should have been a vivid and exciting tale becomes just plain dull for most of its length.

There is a dignified, sincere performance by Donald Crisp, as the famous son of Eric the Red, and Pauline Starke is really beautiful in the rôle of Helga, a sea-going viking's daughter. The producer of this picture deserves success, for he has undoubtedly spent a lot of money to turn out a work of art. To obtain this success, he should cut the film drastically and furnish it with an almost complete set of new titles.

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DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

Ivory, Apes and Peacocks

By W. R. BROOKS

WE HAVEN'T anything particularly vital to tell you about this week. We have seen a lot of things but—perhaps because we have a cold—the only one that interested us was a hot-water bottle which is guaranteed not to burn you. We didn't get an awfully clear idea of it because both we and the salesman had colds, and the demonstration was complicated by sneezes and nose blowings, but the bag, when filled, looks rather like a porcupine with very short quills, since it is closely studded with what its inventor calls "thermo-nubs." These nubs keep the bag from getting close enough to you to burn.

Another hot-water bag is made with vacuum cups on the sides so that it won't slip away from you when you get it in the right place, an undeniable advantage.

The window displays of Fifth Avenue and Main Street reflect the life of the American people. They are a record of America's progress toward beauty and utility, a thousand-mile counter on which are spread all the newest contributions of American inventiveness to the art of living. This department, because it is paid for its service by you, not by the manufacturer, gives you the news of these things, not from the point of view of the man behind the counter, but from that of the shopper in front of it

THERE ARE at Wanamaker's some good-looking decorative embroideries from Kashmir which can be had by the yard. They are done in colored wool on a background of cotton twill, and are done in the same sort of way as the Numdah rugs.

IF YOU HAVE a faded daguerreotype of Great-uncle Zebedee which you would like to have reproduced in all its pristine elegance, or a portrait of the ancestor who was on Washington's staff, which you want restored, we know a place which will do either for you, and at a reasonable price.

MODERNISTIC toilet sets, composed of tray, comb, brush, mirror and so on, designed by Paul Frankl and made of a composition called Amerith, are, we believe, now on the market. There are two designs—a round one and a square one: Frankl-Rond and Frankl-Carrée. But Frankl-y, we don't care for them much. A square hairbrush for instance doesn't amuse us much.

YOU CAN GET coffee bottles made of Pyrex glass which are guaranteed not to break with the heat. They are rather graceful round flasks with a long neck which is wound with raffia cord to protect your fingers when pouring, and they are made in several sizes. Nice on a bedside stand, a breakfast tray or for after-dinner coffee. They should hold the heat well, too.

MARBLEHEAD SEA FLAME is a very good powder to throw on your open fire to make it burn with colored flames, like driftwood. It comes in three sizes. The middle size is put up in a miniature copper ship's lantern, the other two sizes in bright-colored boxes.

IF YOU'RE one of those careless bathers who are always slipping and breaking their bones in bathtubs, you ought to get one of the safety bath mats which is held in place in the bottom of the tub by vacuum cups, and gives you a good firm stance. Personally we rather like the slipperiness of the tub. It introduces an element of danger into what is otherwise rather a boring process. We think that taking the sporting element out of such habitual activities tends to make life rather humdrum. That was one reason why we hated to give up shaving with an old fashioned razor. Our morning shave had all the excitement of a dangerous game. Moreover, it thoroughly woke us up; whether we escaped unwounded or not, we were on our toes and filled with a do or die spirit which nowadays is totally lacking in our early morning mood. Perhaps that is due to age, but we prefer to think it the result of all the modern safeguards which prevent our living dangerously every moment of the day.

AFTER WHICH we wish to call your attention to the whistling egg kettle. You put the eggs in, cover with cold water, and set on the fire. Then you doze until the little whistle in the cover sounds the alarm, when you rise and take out the eggs, perfectly cooked.

WE HAVE always thought that butchers lived about as dangerously as any members of the more peaceful trades, but even they are now safeguarded. We have seen a glove of woven steel links, very like the gauntlets of chain mail worn by the Crusaders, which will protect the butcher's brave hand from the cleaver or knife.

WE HAVE observed an umbrella which will also act as a seat-stick, and this seemed all right to us, because if it began to rain you wouldn't want to sit down any longer, would you? Or would you? If so, we guess you'd just have to carry an extra umbrella. Or an extra seat-stick, if you prefer it that way.

IF WHEN you want ice cream you want it quick, without waiting either to crank the freezer or to send to the drug store, there is an instant freezer which may help you. There's a cylinder that revolves in an enclosed trough. You put ice and salt in the cylinder, and the liquid to be frozen in the trough. This latter sort of congeals on the outside of the cylinder as you turn it and is scraped off into a waiting tray, so that you can begin eating almost immediately.

THERE'S A BREAKFAST tray that has a section in the middle that can be raised up to support a book, newspaper or copy of this eminent magazine, in case you like to read with your morning coffee. Only we should think it might be well to be pretty wide awake when you raise it or you might upset the coffee.

IF YOU DRIVE a car and would like to be able to watch the overhead light change from red to green so that you can save a fifth of a second by getting a good start, there is a prism you can attach to your windshield which has one face raised like a convex lens. In this you can see the light without effort.

SOMETHING NEW in the way of pincushions is an importation from Scandinavia which is a sort of box. Squeeze it, and a pin pops out, head first, from a small hole. This invention ought to be appreciated by dressmakers, since it would enable them to sing at their work.

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Villard and the "Nation"

By CAMERON ROGERS

Since Oswald Garrison Villard sold the "New York Evening Post" and retired to weekly journalism, he has stamped upon the "Nation" the mark of his crusading spirit. Although his leadership has attracted a limited following, it has been of a type to make Villard one of the outstanding editorial figures of our day. As such he deserves a place in our portrait gallery

HE COMPOSES, perhaps above all things else, a study in conflicting heredities. Oswald Garrison Villard has displayed throughout a career of distinguished journalism so consistent a pattern of paradox that even the men who have worked with him or under him over a period of years are still undetermined as to his professional significance. It is precisely as though the communion of such bloods as those of William Lloyd Garrison of Boston and of Heinrich Hilgard of Bavaria, both strong insurgent strains, had furnished counteraction each to each and forbidden an effective unity of impulse in him in whose veins they ran.

For Villard, the editor, has not been nor will ever be effective, in the sense that Godkin was effective, in the administration of public opinion. There is in him too little fanaticism to impress upon any but a limited audience the essence of his opinions; and there is too often in these same opinions too much faddishness to compel attention. It may even be said that in the light of certain manifest abilities, he is not fitted to be an editor at all. It was less his editorials in the "New York Evening Post" than his occasional news stories, his reporting of this or that evidence of political corruption, that commanded the respect of journalism and the admiration of colleagues. And yet to Villard himself, it is less news than opinion that arouses his interest, a fact precisely in keeping with an intellectual organization inherently contradictory.

William Lloyd Garrison, founder of the "Liberator," was his mother's father and it is improbable that Villard has ever once allowed this fact to remain dormant in his consciousness. He had, it is not impossible to suppose, for years before his inward eye the slogan, originally Tom Paine's, that was used to caption Garrison's cuts of auctioned slaves upon the front page of his illustrious organ. "Our Country is the World—Our Countrymen are all Mankind" became, conceivably, for the young Villard a species of command to follow not in his father's footsteps and so to accumulate a fortune, but to fight the battles of the weak; and though it has been pointed out that it is his belief that he could have succeeded in Wall Street, and it is undeniable that he has another talent, equally divergent from journalism, he has, in as much as he has been able, obeyed it.

That the influence of his grandfather should thus exercise over an authentic intelligence this principle of moral mortmain would have been not at all surprising had his father been a colorless individual or one lacking in unusual abilities. But Henry Villard, the Heinrich Hilgard of Speyer in Rhenish Bavaria, was a notable in his time, not only as a builder and organizer of railroads, the creator of the Northern Pacific, but as a liberal and honest force in public opinion. Hilgard came to this country in 1853 at the age of eighteen, changed his name to Villard and subsequently became, during the Civil War and the Prussian War of 1866, one of the two or three ablest war correspondents of the time.

He was in every way different from Garrison the Puritan, in point of outlook upon life and philosophy in living. Both loathed any infraction of or encroachment upon liberty and like Schurz and Jacobi, to name only two, Villard had left Germany in protest against such outrages against it as occurred after the settlement of Olmutz in Hesse-Cassel. Both were honest enough and courageous enough to fight tyranny in any form and in this there was no disparity in their beliefs; but as human beings, as products of contemporary civilizations, they were as the poles apart.

GARRISON, the Liberator, the absolutely fearless apostle of Abolition, was none the less puritan and so of a breed that is, in spite of any emphasis of cliché, governed by the precepts of a conscience at once pertinacious and dolorous, self-tormenting and inexcusably willing to torment others. Henry Villard came of no such stock. The actual substance of life, the foods to be eaten, the wines to be drunk, the airs to be breathed, the beings to be loved, were all matters of importance to him and to his kind. Less of a moral force than was Garrison, he was, in a sense, more of a man; yet his son, who had inherited from him his talent as a news journalist, his quite German appreciation of music, and even of music-halls was none the less forced by the obscure but terrible Puritan pull in his blood to devote his life to liberating without very clearly knowing what or whom to liberate.

HENRY VILLARD, attached in 1863 to the Federal fleet off Charleston, met Fanny Garrison in Boston, fell in love with her and three years later was married to her. Their second son, Oswald Garrison, was born in Wiesbaden, Germany, in 1872, and went in time to Harvard from which university he was graduated in 1893. For three years after this he remained at Harvard, as an instructor in American history, but in 1896, on the receipt of his A. M. degree, he went to Philadelphia and engaged himself as a reporter on the "Philadelphia Press."

His father had acquired the "New York Evening Post" in 1881, placing it in the hands of Godkin, Schurz and Horace White, but the young man's intuitive talent for reporting was for a year at least developed in a city where the newspaper editors were insensitive to the implications of his descent; a fortunate fact since it insured a practical training and permitted him to join the "Post" in 1897 an extremely capable reporter.

But it was not as a reporter that Villard intended to intrench himself in a journal already ninety-six years old and with the reputation of being the newspaperman's newspaper par excellence in the United States. Edited at various times by Coleman, Bryant, Bigelow, Parke Godwin, Schurz and since 1883 by Godkin, it possessed at once the smallest circulation and enjoyed the largest *succes d'estime* of any newspaper in the city. Its editorial columns were read carefully and daily if not by great numbers of the

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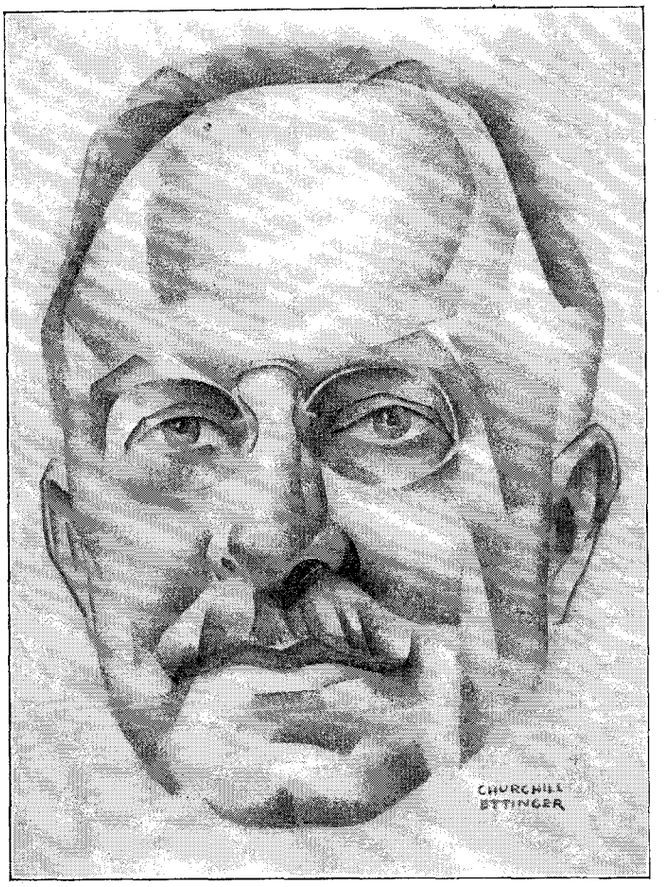
general public then by sober-minded intelligent men capable of influencing their fellows, and certainly by all participators in politics from a Tammany mayor, Grant, whom the "Post" accused of murder and cheerfully proved its premeditation, to Grover Cleveland whom Godkin supported and admired. It was these columns that Oswald Garrison Villard aspired to invade. Convinced that his most signal abilities were those of the great editorial writer, he seems resolutely to have ignored his genuinely brilliant gifts as a reporter and occupied himself with the policy and precept contingent to the work of an important moulder of public opinion.

He did not at once, however, nor was he ever to, dominate his chosen page. Henry Villard, after having twice been president of the Northern Pacific, died in 1900 far less wealthy than he had been, and though his son acceded to the ownership of the "Post," Godkin and after him Horace White and after White Rollo Ogden packed the narrow columns with writings which Villard might never equal. Not that he wrote no editorials. He wrote many and wrote them well, but though his pen was informed and his prose lucid, his opinions seemed somehow to lack that quality of unchallengeable doctrine which lent to Godkin's, to White's and to Ogden's a sense of definite significance.

But on the other hand, his too occasional contributions to the "Post's" news columns were frequently of the first local and sometimes National importance. When, in a period of much corrupt gerrymandering in the State of New York, one Republican State Senator gave a colleague $1,000 for value in notes received, it was Villard who, mild-mannered, blue-eyed and appallingly persistent, procured the confession of the donor, the proven guilt of the recipient and the disgrace of both. A nose for news, a hint here, a barely decipherable clue there, an endless industry in audience to every degree of Albany gossip, and he had discovered to his fellow citizens the seat of the cancer and made it possible for their representatives to cut it out, if so they chose. Such activities as this commended him to distinction.

Then, there was the question of his pacifism, a pacifism sowed in him just as surely by the memorable example of his grandfather, the Liberator, as though he had been a furrow beneath flung wheat. But quite the wrong soil for seed. His imagination was inflamed by the picture of William Lloyd Garrison being led through the streets of Boston "bareheaded, through a mighty crowd" while rioters bent on his lynching bellowed at his heels unable in any way to discompose the man they hated. Villard has all his life greatly desired just such a part. And mark, Garrison did not struggle. He showed no fight. He



OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

was opposed, unalterably opposed, to violence. Moral agitation, yes, but with no resort to force, was his watchword. Hence, it is impossible not to believe, the pacifism of Oswald Garrison Villard.

For from his father he inherited quite a different talent, so exquisitely paradoxical that it commands continual astonishment. Villard knows and has long known more about the army and army matters than any civilian in the United States. He conducted for years before the war a column in the "Post" devoted to discussion, opinion and advice, and his interest was so genuine, his knowledge so sound and so comprehensive, that general officers of reputation respected his dicta and solicited his conclusions. Had he not been a journalist and perpetually harried by an ancestral example, he would, it seems safe to say, have been an eminently successful soldier. Indeed, had he not been so harried, he might have been, as he himself occasionally believes, a financial giant, a president of companies, one knows not what.

The outbreak of the Great War and its progress throughout its first two years caused in his consciousness an extraordinary ferment of ideas, convictions, theories and prejudices, a sort of general boiling characteristic of a man pulled two ways at once by two different heredities. He was personally outraged by Germany's invasion of Belgium and in 1915 published in "Germany Embattled" the severest stricture upon imperial policy of which he was capable. He believed the War as a whole to be an iniquity irrespective of national prejudices but at the same time he was sometimes careful to let people know that he had a German relation commanding a Bavarian army corps. It was his insistent conviction that France, not Germany, was responsible for the struggle and that even in June, 1914, it was Poincaré, his head packed with plans for the horrid shedding of peaceful Teuton blood, who was already maturing his plans for invasion. The Garrison in him deplored the thing, the Hilgard-Villard observed with pride the beautiful perfection of the greatest professional army in the history of the world as it moved on Paris.

But until the subject of preparedness and universal service arose in this country, his interest remained extranational and largely unexpressed except in conversation. Rollo Ogden struck the keynote in the editorial columns of the "Post" and these carried temperate and well-reasoned discussions of the President's problems with

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the U-boat campaign and England's high-handedness on the high seas. However, when the Plattsburg idea developed, when schools and colleges all over the country began to be transformed into military academies and R. O. T. C. encampments, Villard withdrew his eyes swiftly from the western front and fastened them upon militarism at home. Instantly the Hilgard-Villard blood ebbed and that of Garrison was at flood. The idea of universal service was abhorrent to him and he said so, in the "Post," as often as it seemed meet to do.

Yet, nevertheless, his interest in the army and army administration could not be stifled. He saw them "injured by political interference from the outside and wastefulness and sloth within—extravagance at West Point and absurdity at Governor's Island" and with genuine knowledge of what he wrote, he exclaimed, "how we misuse the best soldier on earth!" His admiration for the superb German army caused him to observe actually with sincere astonishment that "the officers who have controlled West Point care nothing for the example set by Kaiser Wilhelm I of Germany who slept in his palace on his soldier's cot until the end of his life."

And in the meantime, the United States steadily prepared to do just what he had feared and had said that he feared. They were going into the War, serve under British Admirals, fight with the French in Flanders and on the Somme, join in the effort on land and sea to crush Germany. Villard's reiterated pacifism now approached a crescendo. In February, 1917, in a public debate with Henry A. Wise Wood he asserted that he "would not forcibly resist an invasion of this country." Mass hysteria already aroused, now found the objective of attack. People reviled Villard. The subscriptions to the "Post" dropped off like November apples. In Washington politicos hoped for a crack at him and bided their time. For a long period he had been known to them and not favorably. His pacifism was distinctly old stuff to them and the "Post's" editorials at the time of the Balkan troubles in 1912 had aroused comment from men as influential as Roosevelt and Lodge. But in 1912 Villard's beliefs had made little difference. In 1917 and 1918, the situation touched Washington more nearly. Villard's pacifism was become obnoxious. He continued in it, glorified in it.

But no riot followed. In humiliating diminution of the sacrifice he was prepared to make, he was merely asked to resign from the presidency of the Philharmonic Society.

After the Peace Conference which he had attended in his capacity as journalist, he returned to the United States and to the editorial office of the "Nation." He had sold the "Post." At the end of July, 1917, he had given an option for the purchase of his share of the paper to his associates and a short while later it was bought by Thomas W. Lamont. Villard's explanation for his action was straightforward. He simply didn't have the means at his disposal to meet the rising costs due to the War and the truth of this statement was obvious to every one connected with the paper. The "Post" had never at any time since 1883 been a money-maker, and after 1915, with its circulation decreasing every month as a result of its owner's convictions, it hardly held its own. And besides the "Nation" had always attracted him. Edited for years by Godkin, it had been united to the "Evening Post" in 1881, when its editor had first taken office under the Villard ownership. It was published as a weekly edition of the "Post" until 1917 when Villard retained it from the sale of that paper and he has since devoted to it his entire journalistic activities. It suits him, one need hardly say, far better than the "Post." He has made of it a clever, hotly liberal, always readable weekly with an astonishingly wide circulation, considering its character, and a reputation for upholding the natural rights of man.

Lacking such a cause as Abolition he nevertheless does very well with the material at his command. If Nicaragua is farther away from New York than were the slave States from Boston, he can still make the pursuit of Augusto Sandino by United States Marines the justifiable premise of a crusade. Or he can fight against manifest injustice as he did very admirably fight against the executions of Sacco and Vanzetti and generate a very positive if not perhaps either a large nor yet effective body of opinion. "Massachusetts the murderer," the scarehead carried by the "Nation," was doubtless, as Heywood Broun pointed out, an overstatement but it expressed Villard's opinion and therefore that of some odd 30,000 subscribers who would immensely profit if more of Villard's opinions were precisely as emphatically overstated. For though he heads a liberal, even, as he likes to believe, a rebel periodical, Villard very rarely bursts from his cell with a hell of a yell or even with a yell at all, a fact deplored by associates who desire to "get aroused," as Mr. Broun says, "to the point of yodeling into battle and of biting in the clinches when they get there."

Villard himself, at fifty-seven, is, in 1929, substantially the Villard of 1897 who came from Philadelphia to become president of the "Evening Post."

Save that his hair is now white, his fine floridity of complexion and astonishingly candid blue eyes convey that impression of a vigorous youth that so struck his friend H. L. Mencken when recently he was reminded that Villard is not far off sixty. He has, it would appear, thriven for more than thirty years on the discovery and attack of corruption in high places, on the bitter beauty of lost causes and a strong pessimism touching the majority of Americans in public life. It is characteristic of him that any contribution that reports on the apparent villainies of this or that official finds him credulous and, if anything, convinced that the picture has been somewhat mildly drawn; but if, on the other hand, his contributor sees nothing questionable in the actions of this or that official, Villard becomes himself instantly suspicious. For he is diligent in the pursuit of misfeasance and one can almost believe that, if the political future of the next few years were to be resolved into a mere vista of Teapot Domes, Villard would contemplate his consequent editorial duties with only a perfunctory sadness and a very definite joy.

A liberal, he became identified during the War with radical sympathies and has been content ever since to occupy a position a little to the left of left-center. During the thirty-three years of his career since leaving Harvard he has scrupulously complied with the demands made by one heredity. He has espoused the cause of the negro. He has been, and still is, a pacifist. He is the defender and would be the savior of small peoples whom he honestly believes to be downtrodden. He is, as he has always been, a man of notable moral courage as well as one who would not shrink from personal danger in the face

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▸▸ Speaking of Books ◂◂

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

Call for a Leader

The Impuritans. By HARVEY WICKHAM: Lincoln MacVeagh: The Dial Press. Published February 28.

THERE IS a bee in Harvey Wickham's bonnet. It is an excellent bee, but it should be permitted to fly. Confined by Mr. Wickham, it buzzes too much. A writer with a style more lucid and more terse, and with a better sense of selection, could free it. "The Impuritans," like Wickham's "Misbehaviorists," is a book that needs to be written; but, also like that one, Harvey Wickham is not quite the man to do it.

The Impuritans are easy to define. The puritan was inhibited in the matter of sex. The impuritan is inhibited from being inhibited in that matter. In other and frequently heard words, the pendulum swings wide. Mr. Wickham is tired of the lucubrations of highly educated and highly sensitive perverts. So are we all of us. He seeks to show how they got that way in the hope, we believe, of persuading readers to oblige them to cease. He sets down the influences which have stimulated them to their efforts. First, he shows the impuritan as the natural offspring of the puritan, the man whose desire for political and personal liberty led him to fear all "softening" things, with which, by a process not very clear to us, nowadays, who take our sex so hard, he classed passionate love. Then, he starts his examples of influences with Weininger. If you do not know who Weininger was, you have seen his works which live after him. Wickham's chapter on him is far too long and far too closely sprinkled with scientific (?) jargon. And it is too funny. If Weininger had been the unmitigated ass that Wickham discusses, he would never have been taken seriously by any one. But as a follower of the German school of pessimistic philosophy, he was swept into importance on the Schopenhauer-Nietzsche wave. There follows an interesting and useful chapter on a group of writers, including Carpenter, whose theories concerning abnormal love and the classic ideal of passionate friendship are responsible for a great deal of tiresome trash—a great deal of fine writing, too, one has to admit. The discussion of Havelock Ellis which follows might have been, if Wickham could have been sure that all his readers would have seen "This Year of Grace," more briefly put. The Dance, beautiful in Apollo's sacred grove, dignified on the beaches of antipodal islands, measured, ritualistic, symbolic, becomes in the hands (or hips) of western man, Noel Coward's "Dance, Little Lady." On Wyndham Lewis, Wickham is not very clear. He appears to find him in revolt against the arid breath of Eastern negation, but lost in a fetid pantheistic forest. We doubt if Wyndham Lewis has any appreciable influence of any sort. His style is too difficult. Joyce is a primer compared to him. The literature of escape and Utopias which Mr. Wickham discusses briefly, might have been omitted. We do not think H. G. Wells has anything to answer for. The Tesam of the Crej is, of course, a chapter on Cabell, to whom Mr. Wickham attributes too much importance as a philosopher. What Cabell says is simply that we are thrust into a corridor and presently snatched from the other end of it and if we can linger by the way in pleasant alcoves, so much the better. This is not nearly so new or so exciting as our best sophomores thought it was. And all Wickham's clumsy anagrams cannot take Cabell away from us as a source of amusement and pleasure, although we would be glad to join with him in an effort to persuade the enchanting author of "Jurgen," "The Cream of the Jest," "The Rivet" and a few other books to withdraw his last half dozen from circulation and publish no more, unless he has some more engaging pseudo-historical short stories left in his barrel. The very best chapter in Wickham's book is the one on Proust, and we agree with him that when much superfluous greenery-yallery has been pruned away by time, that tree will flourish, nobly. We also agree with Wickham's appreciation of our super-puritan, Mencken, one of the most useful citizens of the immediate past of America. But the chapter on Joyce and The Cult of the Goat, among the votaries of which he places Sherwood Anderson and D. H. Lawrence (and, to show that he sees the very small potatoes, too, Carl Van Vechten and Claude McKay), is very dull indeed. Wickham's attitude toward Joyce is that of Dorothy Parker to some book which she was recently reviewing, of which she said, as we recall it, that there was nothing in its exquisite phrases which could not be found more pungently expressed in pencil on the walls of a high-school privy. And that is a bad snap-judgment on Joyce. But we must hasten to add that Harvey Wickham is not writing literary criticism; nor does he pretend to be. And the only danger of his book

The Most Discussed Books

THIS list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by the following book-shops each week:

New York—Brentano's;
Rochester—Scrantoms, Inc.
Cleveland—Korner & Wood;
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort, & Barney;
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Company;
Houston—Teolin Pillot Company;
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co..
Baltimore—Norman, Remington Company;
Kansas City—Emery Bird Thayer;
Atlanta—Miller's Book Store;
Los Angeles—Bullock's;
Chicago—Marshall Field & Co.;
Cincinnati—Stewart Kidd;
Portland, Oregon—J. K. Gill Company.

Fiction

The Bishop Murder Case, by S. S. Van Dine: Scribner. Philo Vance (by the Well-Dressed Man out of Noah Webster) and the long-suffering police solve some mathematical murders. Reviewed last week.

Mamba's Daughters, by Du Bose Heyward: Doubleday, Doran. A rich melodramatic story, the contrast of old and new Charleston and two memorable negro characters make this an interesting and moving novel.

Expiation by Elizabeth: Doubleday, Doran. This subtle, witty and urbane story of a woman who paid and paid is one of Elizabeth's best. Reviewed Feb. 16.

Joseph and His Brethren, by H. W. Freeman: Holt. Lovers of the great tradition in English fiction should not miss this story of a Sussex farm. Reviewed Jan. 16.

Peder Victorious, by O. E. Rolvaag: Harper. Peder and his indomitable mother, Beret; the conflict of American ideas and Norwegian culture in Dakota in an excellent novel.

Non-Fiction

The Magic Island, by W. B. Seabrook: Harcourt, Brace. We hear that this vivid account of voodoo in Haiti should be taken with a grain of salt. It is lively reading for all that.

Elizabeth and Essex, by Lytton Strachey: Harcourt, Brace. A magnificent historical essay written in precise and living prose. Reviewed Dec. 26.

The Art of Thinking, by Abbé Dimnet: Simon and Schuster. A thoughtful Frenchman writes graciously and wisely of a lost art.

Rasputin, by R. Fulop-Miller: Viking Press. The lurid story of the last evil genius of czarist Russia. Reviewed November 14.

The Untold Story, by Mary Desti: Liveright. The last years of Isadora Duncan sympathetically described by an intimate friend. Reviewed Feb. 13.

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is that it may stimulate an already overstrong tendency on the part of readers to judge books on the basis of subject matter, only. An intelligent critical attitude toward a book must begin with such questions as, What is this writer trying to do? Has he done it? Acting on that, we may say of Harvey Wickham that he is trying to expose certain destructive influences in contemporary literature: back-to-savagery, exaltation of frustration and perversion, neurotic emotionalism. And that he has done it. But not nearly so well as it must be done. As a provocative influence for readers, Wickham is useful. But to lead the makers of literature out of by-paths, whether they be mucky ones or strewn with over-blown roses, needs a better man. And we believe that there are writers who are preparing to do it, not old seers of weary visions, but young dreamers of great dreams.

Crime and Criminals

Mass Murder. By L. C. Douthwaite: Henry Holt.
In the Reign of Rothstein. By Donald Henderson Clarke: Vanguard Press.
Man's Grim Justice. By Jack Callahan: Sears.
Malice Domestic. By William Roughead: W. Green & Son, Ltd., Edinburgh.
The Famous Trials Series. I. *Landru.* By F. A. Mackenzie. II. *Constance Kent.* By John Rhode. Scribner.

In the current literature on criminological matters there is a great deal that betokens sound research, but surprisingly little that offers likewise a rational point of view on the part of the author. "Mass Murder" is the exception. Ten criminals are dealt with here, most of which have been written on voluminously before. But even so, Mr. Douthwaite's treatment adds something worth having to their stories. The book is excellent and any reader interested in this field who does not procure it will definitely regret the omission.

Mr. Clarke ("The Reign of Rothstein") cites himself as having been a "star reporter" on the "World," but any star reporter who wrote in the cheaply sensational style that he does would not have lasted more than a week on such a paper as the New York "Sun" was not many years ago. The book is a hodge-podge of scandal and gossip concerning New York's demi-monde. About fifty per cent of it is exceedingly interesting, albeit badly written. The other fifty per cent, which apparently has been added to swell the manuscript out to book size, seems to me to be valueless.

Ex-Governor Whitman, in his short preface to Mr. Callahan's autobiographical notation, rather appears to damn the book with faint praise, and indeed I cannot see that it rises above the rank and file of the all too many books of this kind. Any one who has had to deal with the criminal at first hand realizes that in a vast majority of cases his preponderant characteristic is a sentimental egotism that is reflected all too graphically in such books as "Man's Grim Justice." If you have never read the autobiography of a crook by all means read this one, but if you have ever read any other it is hardly worth your while to take the trouble.

This and the drawing on the opposite page are from "The Impuritans" by Harvey Wickham (Dial Press)

D. H. LAWRENCE
Te Deum Laudamus

The mere fact that William Roughead's name is on the cover of a book is amply sufficient to guarantee it to all lovers of criminological literature. Mr. Roughead has never written uninterestingly, and there is no reason to believe that he ever will. In the present volume he offers no new facts, but he manages to present old ones with so fresh a point of view, with so keen and vivid a narrative style and with such zestful interest that the story could be as old as the murder of Abel by Cain and still take benefit. In the present book we meet several old and valued friends, such as the Bravo murder, the bewhiskered Pritchard and poor Eliza Fenning.

The Famous Trials Series is improving. Indeed, I am inclined to think that the two most recent volumes are distinctly superior to the first five. Mr. F. A. Mackenzie has made a definitely good job of Landru, the latest of our many Bluebeards. There was wanting just such a detailed study as this—there are several very good short accounts included in other books such as "Mass Murder"—and he has made the most of this material. His research is good; his presentation is forceful, and his conclusions seem to me sound. The reader is given all that is necessary to a complete understanding of the case and he is given this in as entertaining a manner as the facts warrant. "Constance Kent" is in some ways not quite so good a job. Here again the research is good, and the whole work has been most conscientiously done, but while it is interesting it is not inspired. I have long held that any study of this particular and ever-fascinating case will be definitely deficient if it does not include a psychological analysis of Miss Kent's childhood. This is not always essential, but it is peculiarly necessary in this particular instance. An atrocious murder committed solely on account of childhood jealousy is too unusual an occurrence to be passed by without a searching study. None the less, Mr. Rhode has done a good piece of work and one that will be read with interest by every lover of the macabre.

Edward Hale Bierstadt.

The Week's Reading

The Balkan Pivot: Yugoslavia. By Charles A. Beard and George Radin.

This is an exhaustive study of the government and administration of the country whose king has recently assumed the powers of an absolute

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monarch. In it the reader will find a detailed analysis of the economic and political factors underlying the seemingly kaleidoscopic state of affairs in the National Assembly under the Constitution now in abeyance. Accordingly we learn that this Assembly contained representatives of seven different political parties; that the majority of the population live in a condition of semi-serfdom; that the percentage of illiteracy is approximately fifty per cent, and that the Roman Catholic, Eastern Orthodox and Moslem faiths are all active in the country. Such facts make it easier to understand why the average life of the Cabinet for the last ten years has been only six months and why Mr. Stephen Raditch was assassinated in the Assembly.

Of more interest to the general reader than the description of the constitution is the analysis of Yugoslavia's foreign relations. The authors, in spite of the friction that exists between Yugoslavia and both Hungary and Bulgaria, believe that the outlook is peaceful. The friction between Italy and Yugoslavia is largely the work of journalists and politicians as the economic policies of the two countries are really supplementary. In the words of the authors, "it seems safe to conclude that Yugoslavia's fundamental interest . . . demands a pacific policy." They seem to believe that no war in the Balkans could benefit any of the participants, whereas the consequences might easily be disastrous.

WILLIAM T. ADEE.

Abigail Adams. By DOROTHIE BOBBE, Minton, Balch. Published March 1.

DOROTHIE BOBBE has executed an unusually fine biography of the second first lady of the land. There is nothing to my knowledge that has been written about this talented housewife, philosopher, suffragist, mother, politician and patriot, neither by Gamaliel Bradford nor by Meade Minnigerode, that equals this accurate and yet ingratiating study. It is done cautiously and firmly—overemphasizing neither Abigail's piety nor her resentment against man's tyranny over woman.

It will come as a surprise to many who have never read the brilliant letters of Abigail to her ubiquitous spouse, John Adams, and who come upon them now for the first time, that Mrs. Adams was not the traditionally stepped-on wife of a Colonial gentleman. Her letters display a reiterated belief in the freedom of her sex. A portion of one letter is extremely amusing: "I long to hear," wrote Abigail to John, "that you have declared an independency. And, by the way, in the new code of laws which I suppose it will be necessary for you to make, I desire you would remember the ladies and be more generous and favorable to them than your ancestors." And adds, "Remember, all men would be tyrants if they could. If particular care and attention is not paid to the ladies, we are determined to foment a rebellion, and will not hold ourselves bound by any laws in which we have no voice or representation."

SHERWOOD ANDERSON
Civilization is the butt of the joke

This is certainly an unconscionable heresy from the pen of a Revolutionary Dame—and her husband accordingly reproached her for it. But he admired and loved her for it too. As everybody must who knows anything of Abigail's intellectual, domestic and spiritual courage.

E. M. BENSON.

The Sumerians. By C. LEONARD WOOLLEY: Oxford University Press. Published February 28.

THIS BOOK has a timely interest. Professor Woolley has been a member of the British Museum Expedition to Ur and other Sumerian cities. He describes his finds in this book, which is written for lay readers, and tells interestingly the history of the Sumerians, so far as it is known. Theirs seems to have been the basic Mediterranean civilization from which those of Egypt, Assyria, Crete and so forth derived. There are tablet records, in the cuneiform script which they gave to the world, and excerpts from Sumerian chronicles in later Babylonian accounts. There were Sumerian kings before Noah's flood. But Mr. Woolley's history is reconstructed in its details from the buildings, examples of art and craft and wall paintings that have been uncovered by the archeologists. His book is not only scholarly and authoritative; is readable and amply illustrated. Two generations ago, the Sumerians were an unknown quantity. And yet their civilization, a high one, artistically, flourished for thousands of years. Presently, new archeologists will probably discover that they got it, almost intact, from a still more ancient race. Professor Woolley is to lecture in America this spring.

Memories of the Old Emigrant Days in Kansas. By MRS. ORPEN: Harper. Published March 1.

WHEN A LADY of seventy odd, witty, experienced, of large humanity and independent as well as decided opinions sits down to write her memoirs, something delightful may be expected. If you add to that a literary style distinguished by simplicity and clarity, an amazing memory and a childhood romantic in the extreme, you have an unusual book. Such is "Memories of Old Emigrant Days." Mrs. Orpen is an Irish woman, living now in the house in which her father was born. But she herself was born in America and was taken, motherless and without brothers or sisters, to Kansas by her father and aunt in 1862. It was Bleeding Kansas, then, the battle ground for abolitionists and slavery men. The little girl whose picture in hoop skirts and not pantalettes but stout stuff pants, charms us, led an adventurous life. She witnessed a Confederate raid, even serving, on her horse, as scout for the women gathered

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Readers and Writers

By ERNEST BOYD

THE Rt. Hon. T. M. Healy, ex-Governor-General of the Irish Free State, whom Mr. St. John Ervine has described as "the Viceroy in a bowler hat and a reach-me-down suit," has added "Letters and Leaders of My Day" (Stokes) to the political memoirs of the Irish Parliamentarians of his generation. Even to an Irishman of my generation the reminiscences of these gentlemen are something of a bore, so remote have their preoccupations become ever since the Irish Party was swept into limbo by the Insurrection of 1916 and the subsequent triumph of Sinn Féin, culminating in the Treaty of 1921, upon which the Free State is founded. What interest such memoirs have for non-Irish readers, I frankly cannot conceive.

By a curious coincidence there has appeared simultaneously in this country another book which, in its peculiar way, more effectively sums up the abysmal difference between the Irish Parliamentary Party and Sinn Féin than any amount of reasoned argument. The Governor-General's work is in two stout volumes, as befits the memoirs of an elder statesman. The other book is a small volume of not two hundred pages, entitled "Days of Fear" (Harper), by Mr. Frank Gallagher, who, in the days when I knew him in Dublin, preferred to sign his name in the Irish fashion, Proinnsias O Gallcobhair. Mr. Gallagher played an active part in the tragic events of the years between the 1916 Insurrection and the signing of the Treaty. In 1920, in particular, he was one of a number of illegally arrested prisoners who went on hunger-strike and aroused the whole of Southern Ireland to the mood of heroic resistance which finally compelled the British Government to substitute negotiation for the burnings and murders of the now infamous Black-and-Tans.

His book is a diary of his tortured days, from his arrest on Easter Monday, April 5, 1920, until his release on April 14, weak and half delirious, but with unshaken will, in the company of all his fellow prisoners, many in direr straits than he, none of whom had been tempted, cajoled, or frightened into breaking their fast. As a record of human suffering, of human courage, of human weakness, the book is, as AE. has said, " a definite addition to literature." It will likewise provide the imaginative reader with a clearer picture of the temper of Irish politics than all the memoranda and letters with which Mr. Healy builds up his story of the futilities of Irish politics at Westminster. Not that the Governor-General is aware of the chasm that separates him from the Ireland of Mr. Gallagher, but nobody can read these two books without seeing that the Parliamentarians and Sinn Féin did not, as the phrase goes, speak the same language.

It is characteristic, for example, that there is no reference in Mr. Healy's memoirs to the hunger strike in question. The chapter dealing with the year 1920 contains some interesting sidelights on the state of mind in which the British Tory leaders found themselves and some typical exploits of the Black-and-Tans. It reveals just exactly what people and what ideas Mr. Gallagher and his companions were successfully defying, but no echo of the state of Irish opinion is heard in these pages, by a man who was seeing all sorts of people on both sides, which is half as distinct as that heard by the hunger strikers in their prison cells.

Mr. Healy has been famous all through his career for his bitter tongue and, despite the passage of years, that bitterness can be felt in his memoirs. His attitude toward Parnell was notorious, and even now he cannot refrain from the meanest of allusions to Mrs. O'Shea, and insists on calling Parnell her paramour, with obviously derogatory melodramatic intention. The Governor-General of the Irish Free State, now in his seventy-fourth year, has yet to learn that, whatever he may think, there is no irremediable horror in a divorce and the subsequent marriage of the two "paramours" concerned.

Mr. Healy reserves most of his encomiums for his political opponents. To paraphrase Wilde's remark about Shaw, he has no political enemies but he hates his political friends. After the Parnell divorce had disrupted the Irish Party, Mr. Healy began to assume the attitude of splendid isolation which made it impossible for anybody to work long with him. He had neither the co-operative spirit necessary to carry on with his colleagues nor the courage to forsake the charms of Westminster for Sinn Féin. Like that other man on the fence of Irish politics, Mr. William O'Brien, he crabbed Mr. Redmond's game without frankly joining the only opposition which had any right to set itself up against a party which had lost touch with the country and was obsolete. When

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it became safe to do so, he put in a word for Sinn Féin, and he has had his reward in the position which he now holds.

Mr. Gallagher, on the other hand, is still an irreconcilable. The sacrifices which he and so many others made undoubtedly forced the conditions under which the Treaty between England and Ireland was signed. Yet, the result has left a minority acutely dissatisfied and a majority which, it is well known, can pump up very little enthusiasm for the end product of so much expenditure of lives and money. His book represents the mood of exaltation which enabled Ireland to carry on the struggle during its last and most terrible phase.

Mr. Healy's long life is the record of one phase of that struggle, Mr. Gallagher's fast is the epitome of another. The former is the story of the disintegration of a political machine, filled with dusty controversies and forgotten personalities, of interest only to those who have an appetite for fifty years of stale British politics. The latter is a moving, pitiable, heroic and ingenuous document, as human as it is typical of Sinn Féin Ireland. Neither of these authors could foresee what fate had in store for them and their country. Mr. Healy got an unexpected job. Mr. Gallagher has given us a piece of literature. As for Ireland . . .

Speaking of Books

(*Continued from Page 389*)

in an anxious group while their men fought. She learned to be a cowboy. She saw John Brown's ruined cabin, watched trains of covered wagons crossing a swollen stream, a prairie fire curve around her home, and a band of painted Indians crowding in her father's doorway. She endured with tranquil fortitude all the hardships that nature could devise or man add to. She lived in Kansas only a few years, but she was impressionable and she has a remarkable memory. That, and long remembering talks with her father have enabled her to make a full and fascinating narrative. Historically, it is inaccurate. Like a child, she remembers things that she heard, and believes that they all happened. But that makes no difference. After the return to Ireland she was taken on a visit to Paris, and her account of that city as seen by *"une petite sauvage americaine"* is charming.

A Procession of Lovers. By Lloyd Morris: Harcourt, Brace. Published February 25.

Readers of "The Rebellious Puritan," Mr. Morris's extremely interesting

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Union Pacific

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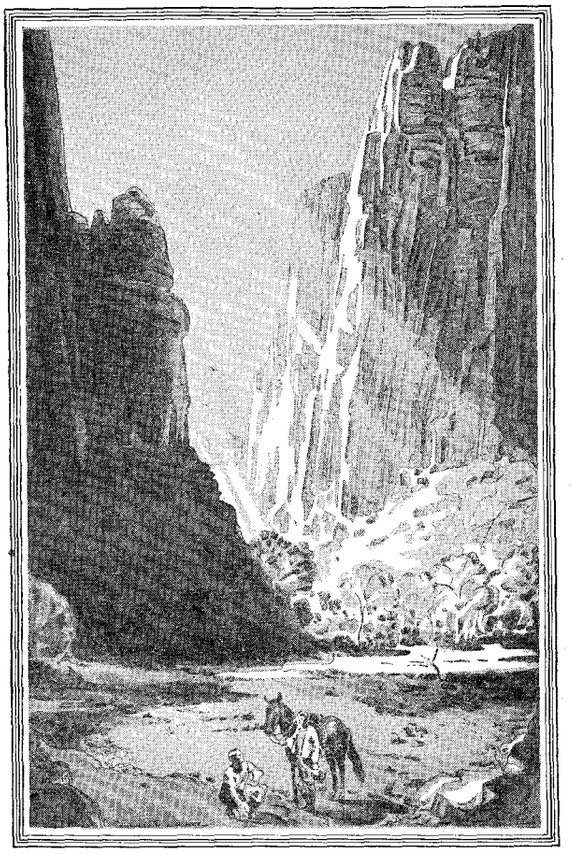

The Grandeur of Zion National Park is unforgettable

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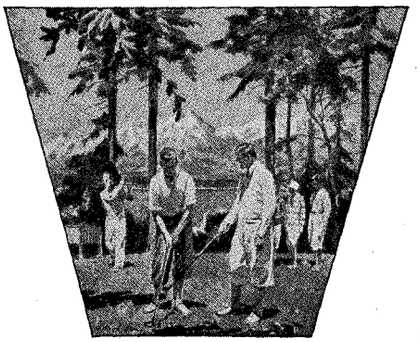

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Seeking the Higher Perches

By HERBERT REED (Right Wing)

THAT delectable event that under the proper nursing at Yale has become an institution rather than a mere spot on the programme of track and field athletics—the pole vault—seems to have reached a stage of artistry matched only by some of the other undertakings that compel an athlete to leave the ground. The French were enamored of it in the course of the Antwerp Olympics, dubbed it *"saute à la perche,"* and boomed it to such an extent that other European nations took up with satisfaction what had been up to that time pretty much of an Anglo-Saxon affair. The grace of it, the science of it, and, indeed, the sheer poetry of it, appealed to the foreigners to such an extent that in far off Norway one Charlie Hoff was soon on a higher perch than any achieved by English or Americans. His subsequent entanglement with various and sundry expense accounts in the course of his trip to this country—expense accounts which offended the A.A.U. to such an extent that this organization removed him between thumb and forefinger, metaphorically speaking, from the amateur ranks—did not affect the fact that he had added even more color to an already picturesque event.

But while all this was going on there were two forces in this country at work on this particularly alluring athletic enterprise. One of these forces was the development of the event at Yale, the steady drive for greater skill and greater heights from McLanahan, through Dray and others up to what seemed to be about the closest to perfection in the person of Sabin Carr, world's record holder, and undoubted chief stylist in the game. The other was the brooding of a man named Albert McGall, who had built up something of a reputation in things athletic as a downright crank, and was proud of the appelation. It was inevitable that the two should come together. It was no surprise that that juxtaposition should produce a Sabin Carr, but to those not quite in the know it was perhaps a surprise that the collaboration should produce one Fred Sturdy, so long an understudy of Carr's.

This same Fred Sturdy, now a senior at Yale, did considerable senior pole vaulting in the New York Athletic Club Games at Madison Square Garden recently, clearing fourteen feet, at one time considered an impossible "ceiling" in this event, failing in three tries at an indoor record of fourteen feet, one and one-half inches. Lest some of my Western friends leap too hastily to conclusions, let me as hastily assert that men like Dvorak of Michigan, and Lee Barnes of California, were of the very front rank. Young Mr. Pickard of Pittsburgh, was indeed something of a star on the same evening that the Yale senior was demonstrating the efficiency of the Yale pole-vault system. But that is not quite the story. The story is about the pole vault as an institution, and that means, as has been said, Yale and Albert McGall.

Albert McGall is one of those "terrible wrecks" they sing about at Stevens Institute, a mechanical engineer. But he is more than that—he is an engineer of field events. He is a winning crank. This crankiness of his is no new development. It was in evidence when he was engineering Stevens football teams. But McGall was also an idealist. He was always working on and believing in the impossible to be foisted upon a purely workaday world. Which is perhaps one reason why he appealed so to the youngsters who came under his athletic tutelage. He made them believe in the impossible; and, pretty soon, it was no longer the impossible. Now those in control of athletics, sometimes rather sad-faced, disillusioned persons, reacted to this new force not at all for a long time. But eventually Yale did react. The result was Sabin Carr, world's record holder.

SO IT IS EASY enough to see why young Mr. Fred Sturdy went at his work with so much confidence, and why those who knew something of the manner in which he had been developed, had so much confidence in him.

Hugh H. Baxter was the first man to put this country really on the map in this fascinating event, which takes so much out of a man mentally and physically. His start at it was not auspicious, but he has lived to hold the world's record, and to see that "impossible ceiling" steadily lifted. Granted the equipment and the methods of modern times I make no doubt that Hugh Baxter would have been scraping the modern pole vault ceiling. However, in his day he was as much an asset to the game as McGall is today. He too, was something of a crank. It is recorded that in his younger days he was rather underdeveloped, and so took up hurdling to build himself up. But

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hurdling did not absorb his entire interest. He began to watch the pole vaulters. It looked easy. As a hurdler he was also interested in the high jumpers. So one day he wandered over to the jumping pit and wagered a perspiring athlete that he could clear the bar, then at about five feet, if he only had a pole. The wager was accepted and Baxter lost it. His first effort with the pole resulted in his smashing a bone or two, the crossbar and one of the uprights. But this lost wager was the making of a champion. He kept everlastingly at it, forsaking his first love, the hurdles, until he reached the point when he was unbeatable in the then civilized world of athletics.

As time went on and Baxter retired from competition, full of honors, and, incidentally, knowing as much about the game probably as even that other crank, McGall, the bamboo pole came into use. With the advent of the lighter implement came the change in the rules that permitted the vaulter to slide up his lower hand, and so get the modern "pull-up" that makes the great height of fourteen feet possible. There are quite scientific reasons why there should be a limit to that "ceiling," but with Yale and McGall working on the problem he would be a rash person who would attempt arbitrarily to set the limit. There were times in the last few years, while young Mr. Sturdy was understudy to young Mr. Carr, when good judges of the game would have said that Sturdy was by no means another Carr. Carr had a great advantage in the fact that he was a expert gymnast as well as a vaulter, but despite that fact Sturdy is today within one and one-half inches of the achievement of Carr, and the end is not yet. And under the system at New Haven there will be other Sturdys and other Carrs, beyond a doubt.

To return for a moment to the cranky McGall. There is nothing in the man at first glance to indicate anything in the nature of a hypnotic power. But it is indisputable fact that the Yale pole vaulters do their best vaulting in the immediate presence of their tutor. Behind the exuberance that emphasizes the lunch table remarks of this most compelling person there is a placidity that seems to be in evidence only when his pupils are hard at it. He seems able to get over to his vaulters a "competitive calm" that is notably absent in some others. Perhaps that is one of the secrets of his success. The last ounce of effort seems to be forthcoming when he demands it. Pole vaulting at Yale, therefore, has become one of the popular courses.

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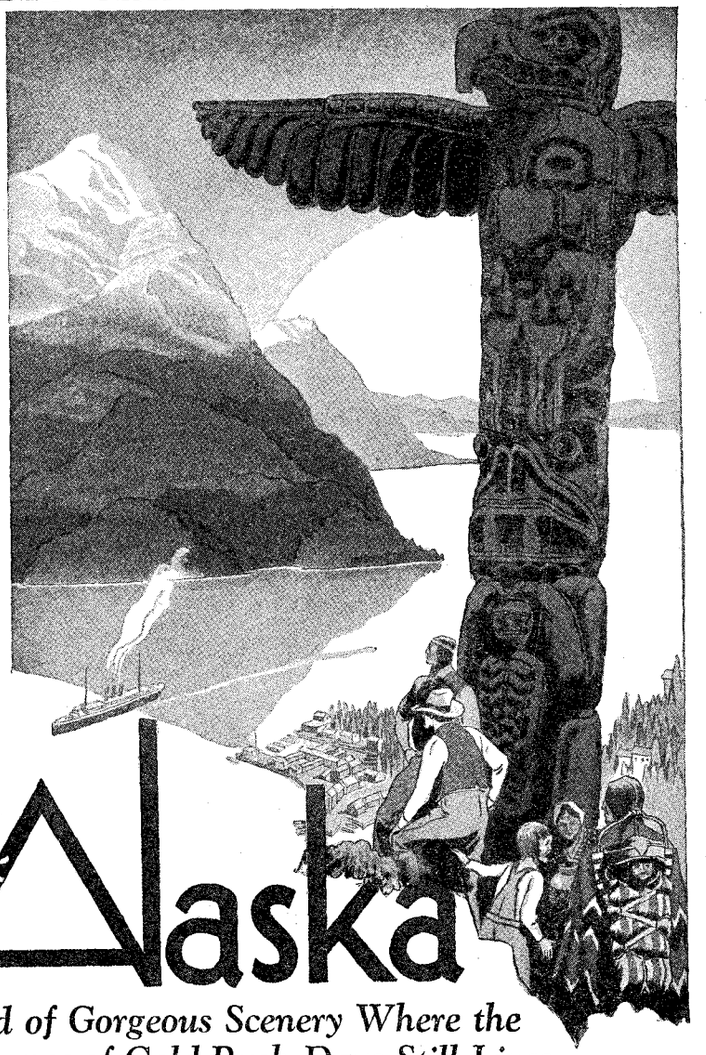

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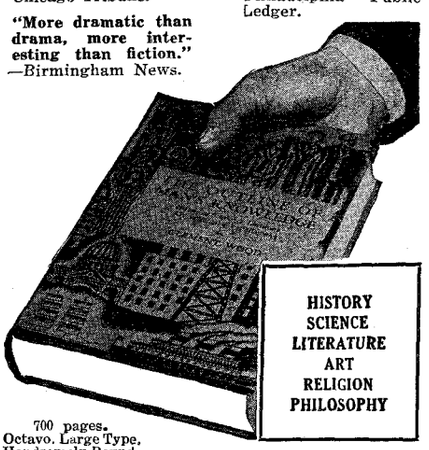

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Railway Merger Plans

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

TURNING back to plans formulated nearly five years ago, the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad and the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway have just taken the most progressive step yet made toward consolidation of carriers in the Eastern territory.

These two roads have filed with the Interstate Commerce Commission proposals for the acquisition of certain independent lines that will bring their mileage, terminal facilities and earnings to a size enabling them to compete on fair terms with the two outstanding Eastern systems, the New York Central and the Pennsylvania.

The groupings proposed are almost identical with those submitted at an informal conference with the I.C.C. in October, 1924. The Baltimore & Ohio asks permission to acquire the Reading system, Central Railroad of New Jersey; Chicago, Indianapolis & Louisville, Western Maryland, Wabash, Ann Arbor, Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh, Buffalo and Susquehanna, Detroit, Toledo & Ironton, and Lehigh & Hudson River. The Chesapeake & Ohio seeks control of the Hocking Valley, Pere Marquette, Erie and New York, Chicago & St. Louis, lines which the Van Sweringen brothers have had such a stormy time trying to consolidate; also the Virginian, Delaware, Lackawanna & Western, Bessemer & Lake Erie, Wheeling & Lake Erie, Pittsburg & Shawmut, Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern and Chicago and Eastern Illinois.

In addition, both seek joint control, with one or more of their competitors, of the following bridge and terminal lines: Delaware & Hudson, Lehigh & New England, Montour Railroad, Pittsburg, Chartiers & Youghiogheny Railway, Chartiers Southern, Monongahela Railway, Pittsburg & West Virginia, Detroit & Toledo Shore Line and West Side Belt Railway. Various trackage rights or leases and new connecting short lines also are requested.

Those acquisitions would create a Chesapeake & Ohio system aggregating 15,400 miles including trackage rights and jointly controlled lines, or a mileage of 13,148 with an investment of $2,500,000,000 in solely controlled lines. The Baltimore & Ohio group would total 14,141 miles with an investment of $2,192,000,000 in road and equipment. Eastern mileage assignable to the Pennsylvania and New York Central systems on this basis would be about 16,000 miles each.

The progressive nature of the C. & O. and B. & O. applications lies not in the matter presented but in the manner of its presentation. The petitions represent an attempt to break a stalemate created by several factors.

Under the Transportation Act of 1920 the Interstate Commerce Commission is required to adopt a plan for consolidating railway properties into a limited number of systems capable of rendering service economically and earning substantially equal rates of return upon their property values. Between 1921 and 1923 the commission conducted public hearings on a tentative plan outlined by Professor W. Z. Ripley. It has not yet adopted the final plan required by law, and the Parker and Fess bills which would relieve it from preparing a final plan and permit voluntary consolidations have failed to reach a vote in Congress.

The Ripley plan called for nine or eight systems in the East, according to whether the New England lines were absorbed or made into a separate system. It became apparent that the Pennsylvania, New York Central and B. & O. were three logical nuclei for systems, and the rise of the Van Sweringen brothers with their Nickel Plate consolidation plan presented a fourth. These systems, therefore, went to the commission in 1924 and again early in 1925 to plead informally for consideration of a four-party plan for the East.

ON THE face of things, it is a sign of small progress when the C. & O. and the Baltimore & Ohio revert to plans five years old. The intervening years have been, however, valuable in clearing up many extraneous issues, threshing out points of doubt and seasoning opinions. For one thing, the threat of a division of mileage into five unequal systems has been fairly well eliminated. L. F. Loree, president of the Delaware & Hudson, claimed very serious attention by acquiring control of the Wabash and Lehigh Valley for his road, and had to be admitted to the lengthy secret conferences of trunk line executives in 1927 and 1928. The D. & H. Company sold out its Wabash and Lehigh holdings last year to the Pennsylvania at a handsome profit of some $20,000,000, and is preparing now to segregate its own railroad properties into a new corporation.

The Taplins with their dreams of aggrandisement for the Pittsburg &

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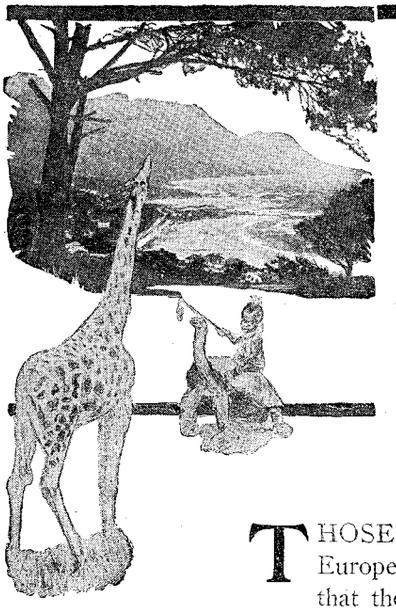
West Virginia remain to be contended with, though their fight for a Great Lakes-to-the-Atlantic route involves only three small lines.

The most revolutionary feature of the recent applications is the admission that no terms or conditions have been considered for acquisition of the various lines by the C. & O. and B. & O. They ask only for approval of the mergers in theory, leaving the case open for later submission of terms. The wisdom of the course may be illustrated by the expensive stock market battles for control of roads, often followed by disapproval of merger by the commission. It may be argued, of course, that throwing the plan into the open will be the signal for even greater speculative excesses in rail stocks. The answer is twofold: first, a working control of practically all of the roads sought by the C. & O. and B. & O. can be found closely held somewhere; and second, before the time is ripe for bargaining it appears likely that there will be new legislation to weaken the nuisance value of objecting minorities by providing for purchase of their securities at arbitrated value.

Consolidation, even in only the Eastern section of the country, is not going to sprint to the finish. It will be a matter of years yet. In the course that the present cases will have to take, the greatest interest attaches to the reactions of the New York Central and Pennsylvania. There is a possibility that the Central, which has co-operated with the C. & O. and B. & O., will come along with an application for its own enlarged system. The Pennsylvania has never looked with favor on the plans of the other three. Its own idea of a four-party plan is to take about 19,400 miles for itself, including the Norfolk & Western, the Chicago & Eastern Illinois; the Lehigh Valley, the Buffalo & Susquehanna, the Grand Trunk Railway Western lines and one quarter of the Reading and the Jersey Central. The Central group then would be about 15,100 miles; the Baltimore & Ohio, 11,400; and the C. & O., 12,500.

Spurred by the recent pressure of criticism from the administration and others, the I.C.C. probably will give the pending cases early consideration. It will be another month or two before they can be assigned for hearings, which are expected to carry over until late this year. Consolidation has been taken out of the speculative field and placed on an economic basis alone. It is squarely up to the commission now to act, and not alone to say yes or no to merger applications but also to say, if a plan is considered inadvisable, just what would be acceptable to them.



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Latin America's Grievance

(*Continued from Page 366*)

to Latin America for the following reasons:

(1) The Monroe Doctrine, in its protective aspect, kept Latin America for a long time in a state of minority, irresponsibility and depression; and deprived these nations of the benefits of experience and intercourse with the world, which are the only sources of true progress. It furthered immorality in many Latin American Governments which, knowing that they are responsible only to the United States, have abused their own people and the people of other countries and devoted all their efforts to pleasing the Government at Washington as an insurance of impunity.

(2) Territorial expansion has placed millions of Latin Americans under a Saxon rule utterly inappropriated to their idiosyncrasies, and under which they lose their own native virtues without acquiring those of the Saxon.

(3) In its political aspect, the policy of the United States has been even more injurious to Latin America. The incompatibility between the political organization and the character of the people results in the possible preponderance of an uncultured majority which, dominated by demagogues, may destroy the country or set up a government antagonistic to every legitimate right.

(4) Financial domination has developed into monopoly. The first result of this has been exorbitant rates of interest; the second is the ownership and control of the choicest properties by citizens of the United States, while Latin American nationals are unable to obtain capital on fair terms in order to develop their own resources; the third is that the capitalists of the United States, once in possession of the best enterprises of the country, exploit them by intensive processes and cheap labor, leaving to the workers a bare living and to the country an insufficient revenue which eventually impoverishes it.

The conclusion drawn by Latin Americans is that the unlimited power of the United States in the Western Hemisphere is becoming incompatible with the freedom and legitimate development of Latin America, since such a power is an obstacle to the requisite of international law, which is no other than the realization of the freedom of nations through mutual recognition of their respective rights and duties.

In regard to the correction of this evil, Latin American opinion is divided. A pessimistic minority believes that nothing favorable can be expected from the United States and that, unless Latin America plays a part in the political equilibrium of the whole world, there is no hope for improvement. These pessimists advocate the League of Nations as the proper instrument to establish the balance of power, and believe that sooner or later the supremacy of the United States will meet the opposition of the world.

An optimistic majority believes that the correction of the existing evils will come from the United States, provided the situation is known by its people. The basis of the optimistic opinion is faith in the moral progress of humankind. Nations are recalling, the optimists contend, that there is solidarity among all peoples; that the privileged groups which in the past have caused, for selfish purposes, the ruin of nations, are becoming powerless under public scrutiny of international affairs; and that a direct understanding between the people of the United States and the people of Latin America will result in co-operation, mutual profit and sincere friendship.

Search for a Way of Life

(*Continued from Page 370*)

turned the thought over for a second and decided against it. When I returned that evening I found that he had died. A day and a half later, in orthodox fashion, he lay in his unpainted pine box, wrapped in linen burial garments and his prayer shawl. A choir of boys from a charity to which he had subscribed came and sang psalms. An old synagogue crony limped over, bringing, he said, a little bag containing some soil from the Holy Land for his friend. The doors of the synagogue were opened when the cortege drove by.

I had always regarded the Hebrew Shiva, or period of mourning, with foreboding, because of its morbid association, and because it made of grief a ceremonial. Now, when I was confronted with it I followed its rules uncomplainingly, feeling that this was no time for dissent. For the better part of a week my brothers and I, unshaven, in slippers, the edge of our waistcoats slit, remained indoors sitting on low seats. Services were held at home morning and evening. All day long friends and relatives came to condole, bringing gifts of food. It was in the springtime, and the number of shortcakes we received furnished comic relief to our grief. Time, which I had thought would pass interminably under the circumstances, sped. In actuality, the ceremony I had dreaded became an expres-

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sion of sympathy and kindness and a period in which we of the family felt our kinship all the more strongly because of what had occurred.

On the Friday following the funeral I returned from the synagogue. The same Sabbatical glow that I could remember all through my life pervaded the house. When the wine was prepared for the blessing, and my brothers and sisters again ranged around the table, we were all poignantly conscious of my father's absence from the ceremony he had always conducted. I knew I was expected to take his place, and I did. Since then I have acted as the household minister, repeating this ceremony every Friday, lighting the candles during the feast of the Maccabees and even conducting the Seder on Passover. Knowing my father's wishes on this subject, for eleven months after his death I again attended the synagogue almost daily to recite the kaddish in his memory. At the expiration of this period the Shiva ended. I again relapsed into an absence, broken on holidays when I would act as escort to my mother.

The fast of Yom Kippur is the most solemn holiday in the Hebrew calendar. Its motif is set forth in a prayer recited in the synagogue on this day, which has always struck me as being the most awesome in the entire Hebrew liturgy:

"On the First Day of the year it is inscribed, and on the Day of Atonement (an interval of ten days) it is sealed and determined how many shall pass by, and how many be born; who shall live and who shall die, who shall finish his allotted time and who not, who is to perish by fire, who by water—who by hunger or who by thirst—who shall be at rest and who shall be wandering—who shall reap enjoyment and who be painfully afflicted, who grow rich, who become poor, who shall be cast down and who exalted," and then while a wail rises from the aged dames in the balcony above and tears streak the parchment of their faces—"Only Penitence, Prayer and Charity can avert the evil decree."

Services in the synagogue begin at sundown and last several hours. Resumed in the morning, they continue uninterruptedly throughout the entire day. Following the evening service on the Day of Atonement after my father's death, a friend and I met and walked down Fifth Avenue. Neither of us believed particularly in the heavenly inventory supposed to attain its climax on this night. Fasting, because no food could be obtained at home and because we felt that not to do so, to the knowledge of our parents, would have been parricidal, we were already feeling disgruntled and suffering from several hours' abstinence and the mental prospect of the following day's long confinement. Passing an eating place at Plaza Circle, I suddenly suggested that we enter. Once I was seated and awaited my order, the elation that I felt on making the decision oozed away. This restaurant, perfectly familiar to me, seemed possessed by an uncanny stillness. Like Hamlet's ghost, my father floated before me. Like the ache that disappears when one enters the dentist's office, my hunger vanished. The waffles were placed in front of me, golden and perfectly done. I couldn't object to a thing about them. By this time my friend, halfway through, was watching me queerly. I finally ate mine. It was like trampling on my father's body. I have never broken a subsequent fast on this holiday.

These incidents convinced me that my emancipation from orthodoxy could only be comparative. Like others, reared in the orthodox tradition, I have never found the service in reform temples adequate. In the past number of years, except as indicated, I have lived practically without the benefits of formal religion. I think myself unquestionably less hampered and restrained without its trappings, blessings and taboos; and yet because of its influence in my training, environment and home, orthodox Judaism has tinged the substrata of my being. Whether I will or not, I uncover it at an unexpected turn and recognize in it a friendly enemy and in myself many an unsuspected weakness.

Villard and the "Nation"

(*Continued from Page 386*)

of mob violence or prosecution. He is a trained journalist who commands a clear and forceful style.

Why is it, then, that as a liberal editor, as a molder of opinion, as a force in public affairs he is not, and has never been, genuinely effective? Is it because, unlike William Lloyd Garrison, he has never slept on a desk in his office at the "Post" or in Vesey Street, with a book for a pillow and his printing press at his side? Is it because he knows nothing of poverty and lives comfortably in town as well as at either of his two estates in the country, his farm in Connecticut, or his house on Long Island Sound? Is it because he is acutely aware of the fact that he is a gentleman not only of intellect, but of distinguished ancestry and assured position in society? Perhaps. But it is a more likely assumption that the true reason lies in the fact that his father,

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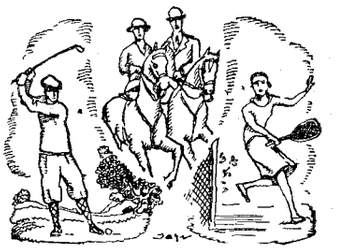

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Villard and the "Nation"

(*Continued from Page 397*)

liberal and liberty-loving as he was, was not a pacifist, was little concerned with the question of the negro's eventual apotheosis, and was so formidable a fighter in the world of affairs that he could twice oppose Jay Gould and twice beat him at his own game.

Set these qualities against those of the Liberator and it may eventuate that the descendant sharing in both will be by both directed in such a way as to prevent him from proceeding along any definite road, whether the right or left. Henry Villard made millions, and though he lost most of them before he died, he still left a very reasonable fortune. His son has never known any face of life save that of plenty, yet, in obedience to the memory of his grandfather's contempt for worldly riches, he preferred not to send his sons to Williams because the fraternity houses in Williamstown shocked him by their luxurious appearance. To say that he is a firm believer in high thinking and low living for others would be unkind as well as unjust but it is none the less a fact that he pays contributors to the "Nation" one cent a word and is resolute in his belief in low salaries. It may well be that a reason for this is that the "Nation," no more than was the "Post," is not a money-maker, and it welcomes contributions from friends and admirers. Indeed, how could it be a money-maker in a day when the tabloids are the irresistible Circes of the masses and the great monthlies satisfy the majority of the wilfully intelligent?

Nevertheless, parenthetically, be it remarked that Villard has greatly increased its circulation and advertises it indefatigably by lecturing and speaking whenever opportunity offers. But the fact remains that the most cogent reason for Villard's undoubted failure to impress himself incisively upon his times either as a great liberal editor or as a strong voice for pacifism, for moral agitation with no resort to force, lies in the fact that where the Garrison in him goes, the Hilgard-Villard cannot go and vice versa.

Here his attitude upon prohibition is so illustrative of this conflict that it will bear a brief examination. It is almost pure Garrison and yet there is something in it, too, of the Hilgard-Villard who assuredly was not a prohibitionist and whose nice appreciation of good wines was typical both of an individual character and intelligence. For consider the curious unction with which

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Villard and the "Nation"

(*Continued from Page 398*)

Villard, implicitly, during the recent campaign, a Smith partisan, observes that he is reliably informed that he (Smith) drinks every day and the number of his cocktails and highballs is variously estimated at from four to eight and more. And further: "One may regret with all one's heart, as does the writer of these lines, that being in an exalted position, he cannot set an example of abstinence to the millions whose State he governs, but at least one knows where he stands." Well, this is not the temper of your apostolic teetotaler, and not, certainly, of Garrison who, when he regretted things with all his heart, set his heart upon changing them. There is a mildness here induced by the sire in counter-action to the grandsire, a counter-action which very sensibly affects Villard's importance as either a wet or a dry.

In the "Nation," of course, he has an opportunity to continue to seek desperate enterprises, attack erring administrations and abet those forces in American life with which he aligns himself.

Thus, with the assistance of Joseph Wood Krutch, a critic of genuine distinction, of Heywood Broun, a newspaper columnist of mysterious popularity, and a number of other capable men and women, he is always certain to present to his readers an eminently intelligent journal composed of articles on what Mr. Hoover did not see in South America, on the Paris press scandal, on the outrages in Nicaragua of United States Marines and on the notable personalities of the day. He has indeed an opportunity to administer a powerful influence but there still remain reasons for a failure so to do. In the first place there is that one precisely set forth in what can be construed only as a benignant spirit, by no less a one than the miraculous Bernarr Macfadden.

"His little weekly, the 'Nation,' has done excellent work in fighting censorship and in upholding freedom of speech. It has been effective in its own limited field, but its appeal, unfortunately, has not reached the masses."

True, and there is yet another reason why Villard may never now astonish his times with the fervor, the courage and the power of any doctrine. He lacks, really lacks, an issue, some great, vital question, some shrieking abuse which he might rout and destroy. But then, if he had one, (for there were Sacco and Vanzetti and Sandino) could he make his voice widely heard, or if heard, attended? It is doubtful. For if, like his grandfather, he were weekly to incorporate that stirring assertion "I am in earnest—I will not equivocate —I will not excuse—I will not retreat a single inch—and I will be heard," would not people be merely a little astonished at his vehemence and speculate mildly and without genuine interest upon what could be the cause of it?

Speaking of Books

(*Continued from Page 391*)

biography of Hawthorne, will be disappointed in "A Procession of Lovers." It consists of a collection of stories united by the old and useful but here rather trivially handled device of having the members of a house-party tell about their favorite historical characters. We are shown Sappho, Theodora, Mary Magdalene, Héloise and Abelard, Kit Marlowe, Michelangelo and La Grande Mademoiselle as a man interested in frustration sees them. Mr. Morris is sensitive. His prose is smooth, often lovely, and he has a gift for the re-creation of atmosphere. And most of the stories are entirely readable. But he belongs to a group of writers whose basic thesis is becoming worn and somewhat tiresome; and we hope to see him turn back to critical biography.

Picked at Random

By WALTER R. BROOKS

Hugh Walpole and J. B. Priestley's Farthing Hall Doubleday, Doran

Telling a story in the form of a correspondence between two friends is a perilous undertaking. It has one advantage, however, in that the friends can praise each other until the reader himself begins to think that they are very fine fellows, indeed. Not, you understand, that Mark and Bob, the tireless letter writers of this tale, are not fine fellows. They quite evidently are. We simply wonder occasionally whether either deserves quite as much credit as the other gives him. For Bob's wife has got mad at him and left home, and Mark has seen a beautiful girl whom he pursues into the wilds of the Lake Country. And each finds time to write the other long literary letters between his rather mild adventures. Entertaining letters—oh, yes. But the tempo is slow, slow.

Ralph Barton's God's Country Knopf

We have no rooted objection to flippancy in the treatment of the history of our great Nation. It is a fine corrective for our inherited complacencies. But flippancy for the sake of flippancy, even though it may not particularly offend us, becomes aft a hundred pages or so, rather dull. A we are sorry to say that we believe yo will get all the amusement the book capable of affording you out of the fir hundred pages—some of which are very funny indeed. We are sorry to say this because the drawings with which Mr. Barton illustrates the text are delightful. It is the letter that killeth.

Ed Wolff's Why We Do It Macaulay

If you desire to know the ancestry of some of your habits and customs, you will find a great deal of information entertainingly set forth in this volume. It will tell you, among other things, why your coat lapels are notched, why you send flowers to funerals, why you fear to sit thirteen at a table and why you throw rice at brides. Some of the information indeed seems superfluous, as the answer to the purely rhetorical question: "Why do we kiss?" and some of the chapter heads seem to be a little hard to explain as: "Why we have money," and "Why children obey." Do we? Or do they? We hadn't heard about it.

Suzanne Normand's Five Women on a Galley Vanguard

The various experiences of five Parisian women who try very hard to get along without marriage. The author doesn't seem to prove much, since all the women are of the same type and have about the same experiences. They're none of them very good at their jobs, they can't earn a living wage, they're always falling in love with married men who play with them for a while and then pat them on the head and say kindly: "Little girl, you could never have been more than an episode in my life." We're sorry for these women. but they're a weak lot.

Forthcoming Books

This Man's World. By IRVIN S. COBB: Cosmopolitan. March 2.

Disarmament. By SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA: Coward-McCann. March 7.

Manhattan Men. By ALFRED KREYMBORG: Coward-McCann. March 7.

Wild Gardens. By BLISS CARMAN: Dodd, Mead. March 7.

Bitter Bierce. By C. HARTLEY GRATTAN: Doubleday, Doran. March 8.

Hob Nails in Eden. By ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER: Dodd, Mead. March 8.

My Mystery Ships. By REAR ADMIRAL GORDON CAMPBELL: Doubleday, Doran. March 8.

The Diary of Tolstoy's Wife. Edited by S. L. TOLSTOY: Payson & Clarke. March 9.

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